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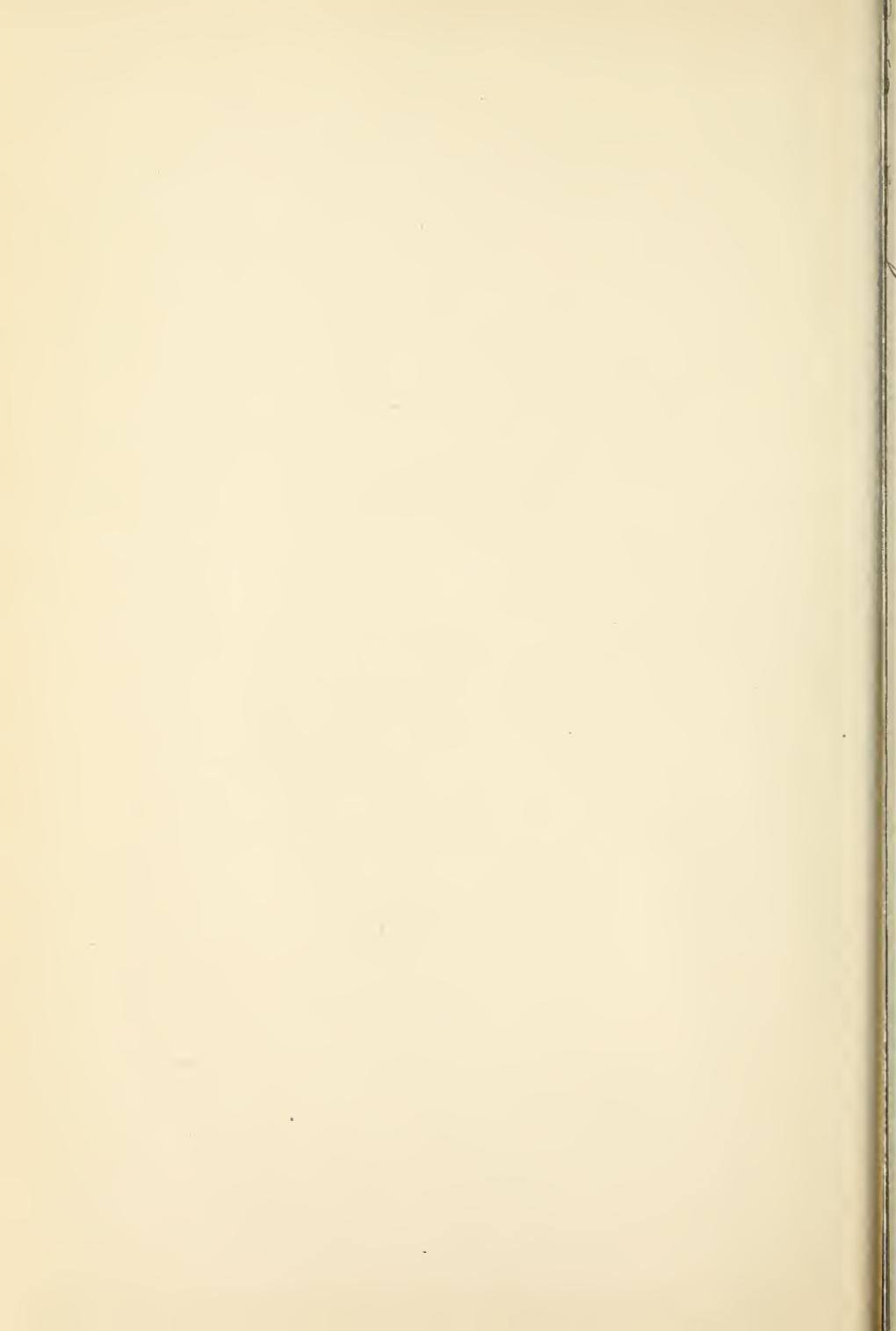
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SOME RECOLLECTIONS
OF THE
PASTORS AND PEOPLE
OF THE
SECOND CHURCH OF OLD ROXBURY
AFTERWARDS FIRST CHURCH, WEST ROXBURY
OF
BROOK FARM AND THE ANCIENT ROAD AND
LANDMARKS FROM ELLIOT SQUARE,
ROXBURY HILL, TO MEMORIAL
HALL SQUARE, DEDHAM
BY
CHARLES G. MACKINTOSH

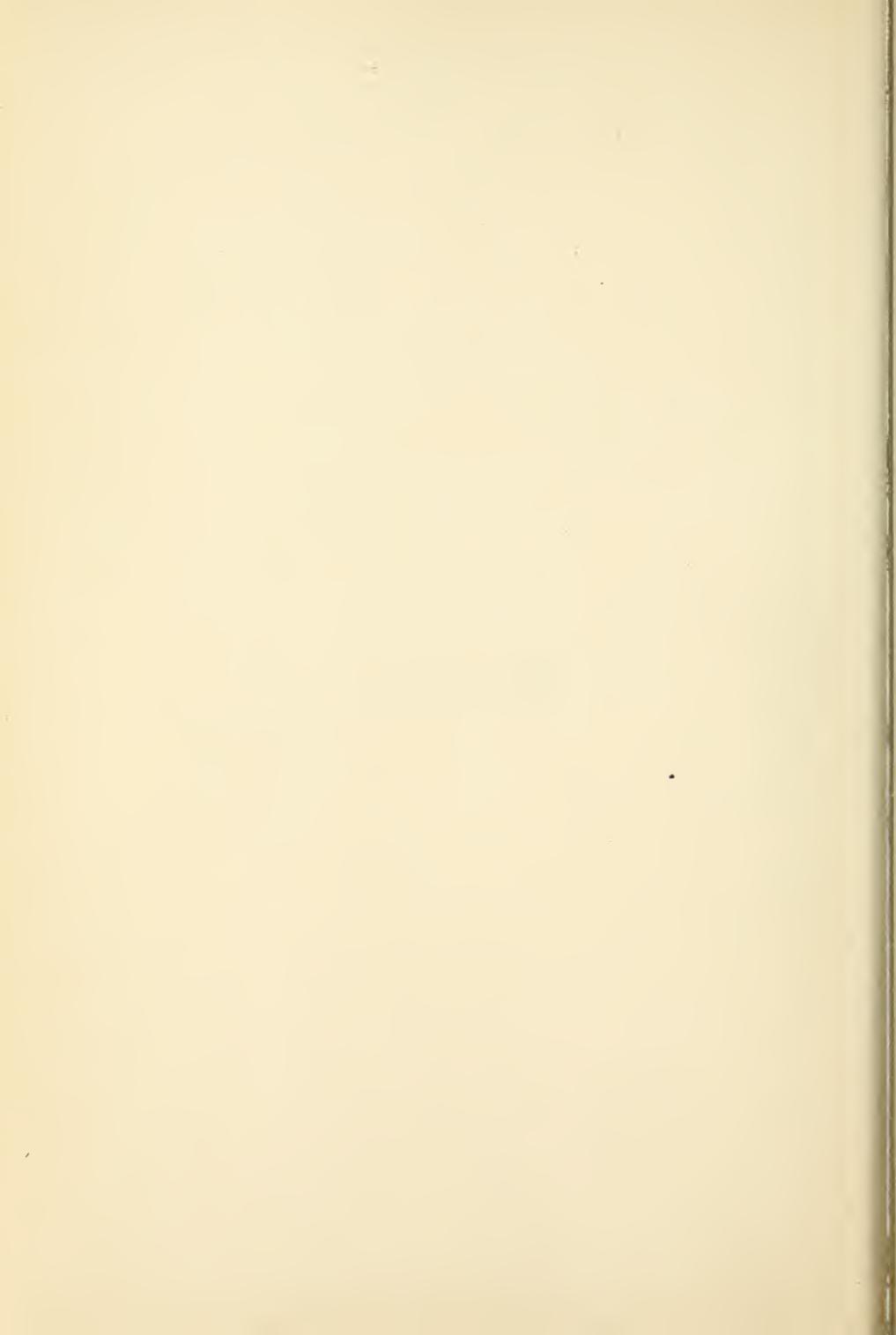
AUGUST, 1901

SALEM, MASS.:
NEWCOMB & GAUSS, PRINTERS
1901



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Ministers.



REV. JOHN FLAGG

Was ordained over the Second Church, Roxbury, February 2, 1825 and continued there until his death March 14, 1831.

He was the immediate successor of the Rev. John Bradford who was the pastor of the Parish at the time of his death.

Mr. Flagg was a man feeble in health, which made parish work hard for him as well as his people. His ministry here was at a time when the liberal and the conservative were separating from each other in the churches. His pastorate was of short duration ending by his early death. Although a conscientious and refined gentleman his stay in the parish did not yield the harvest hoped for.

REV. GEORGE WHITNEY

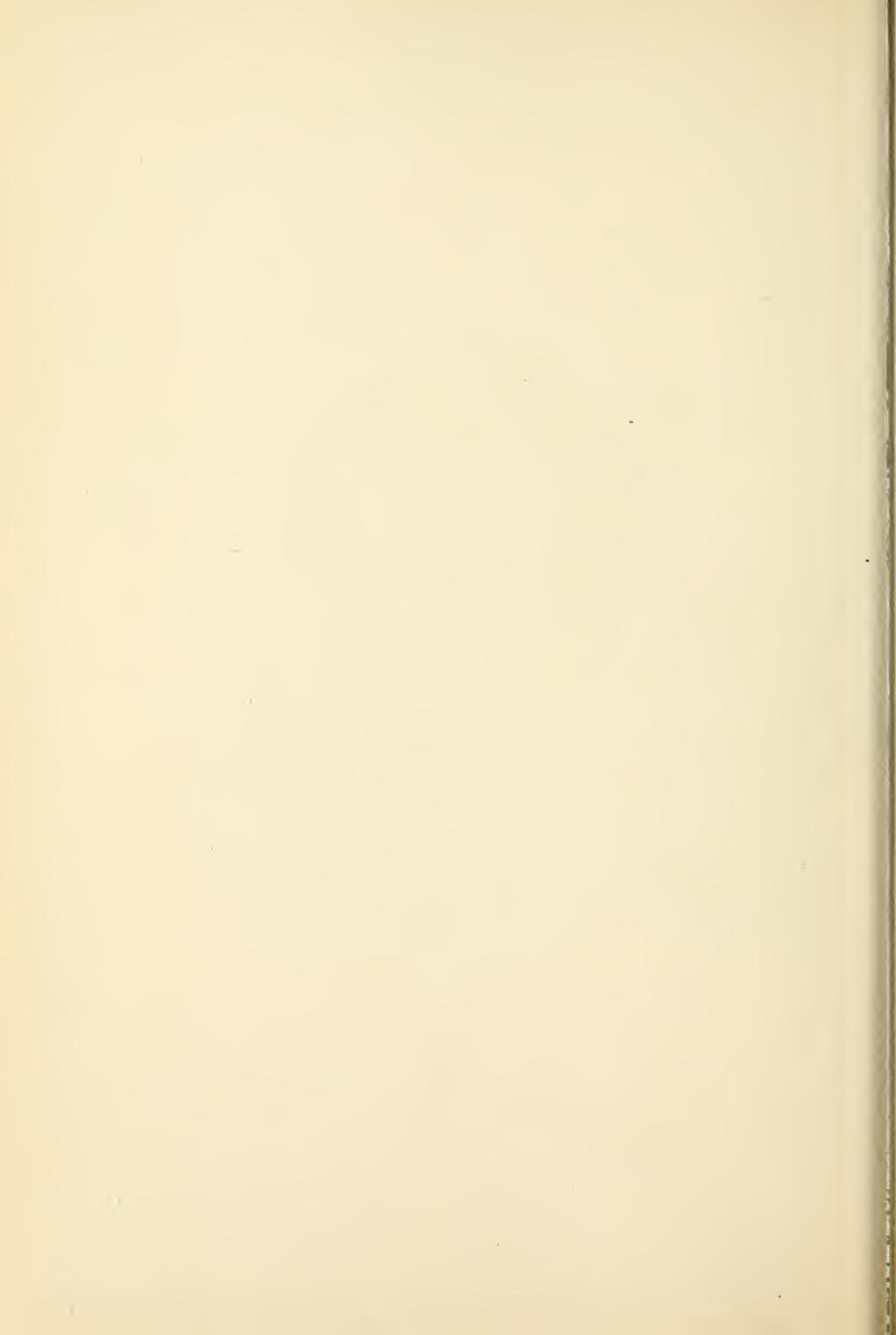
Ordained in the Second Church, Roxbury, June 15, 1831, and continued until 1836.

A young, bright, happy man, who looked at all times on the sunny side of people and things. He made himself at home with every member of his parish and his visits to them, with his pleasant speech and sunny smile, left an air of content and happiness in every household. He was an earnest and acceptable preacher, highly satisfactory to his hearers, and was held in high esteem by all classes in the community. After performing his duties here faithfully a few years, he had a call to go to the Jamaica Plain parish as assistant to the venerable Dr. Gray, his father-in-law. His time of service there was cut short by his early death.

He never cut loose from his associations in his first parish. He could often be seen in Dr. Gray's yellow bodied chaise, going about and calling upon his old parishioners with a cheery word for all. He was highly prized by all the ministers in the circuit of his exchanges.



REV. GEORGE WHITNEY.



REV. THEODORE PARKER.

He came here a plain, unpretentious young man, ordained June 21st, 1837, and left the parish Feb. 8th, 1846.

He at once entered into all the interests of his people, made frequent visits among the families and soon knew them personally, their ancestry and their aims in life.

He enjoyed roving through the woods and fields, he saw wonders in every flower and blade of grass, tree and shrub, and it was his supreme delight to be among them. There was one little stream that used to charm him in the season of the fringed gentian; he would wander along its banks and gather flowers by the handful, and if he met a friend on his way home, old or young, he would reach out his hand and say "Will you have some?"

This little stream was in a pasture midway between his home and Brook Farm, and in the path through the pasture stood the famous King Charles oak, as he used to call it. In this same woody path, on cold crisp winter afternoons, he was often seen plodding on his way to the Charles Riv-

er with his skates dangling across his neck for the sport on the ice, of which he was very fond.

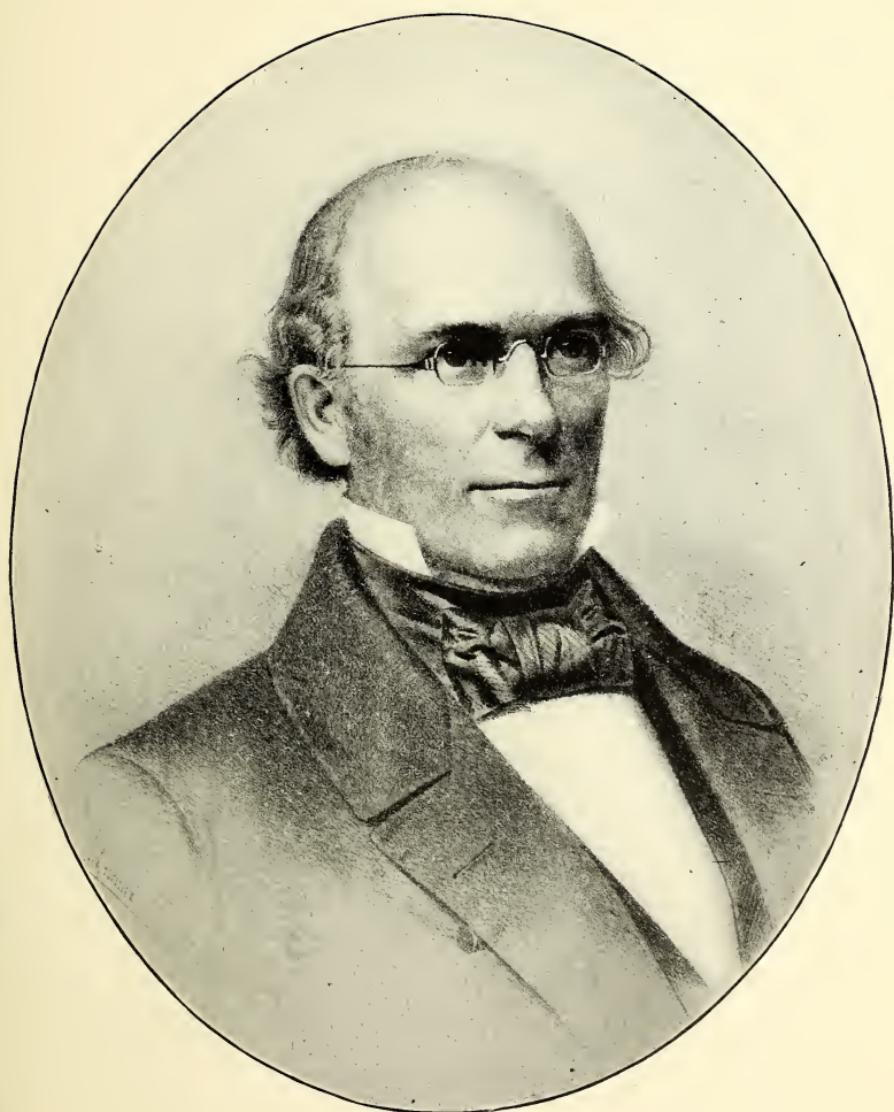
He was fond of horseback riding, but was extremely awkward in that position. He was also an awkward walker, still he did much of both riding and walking.

When he served on the school committee there was no part of Old Roxbury to which he did not walk in visiting the schools, and his interest in them was great.

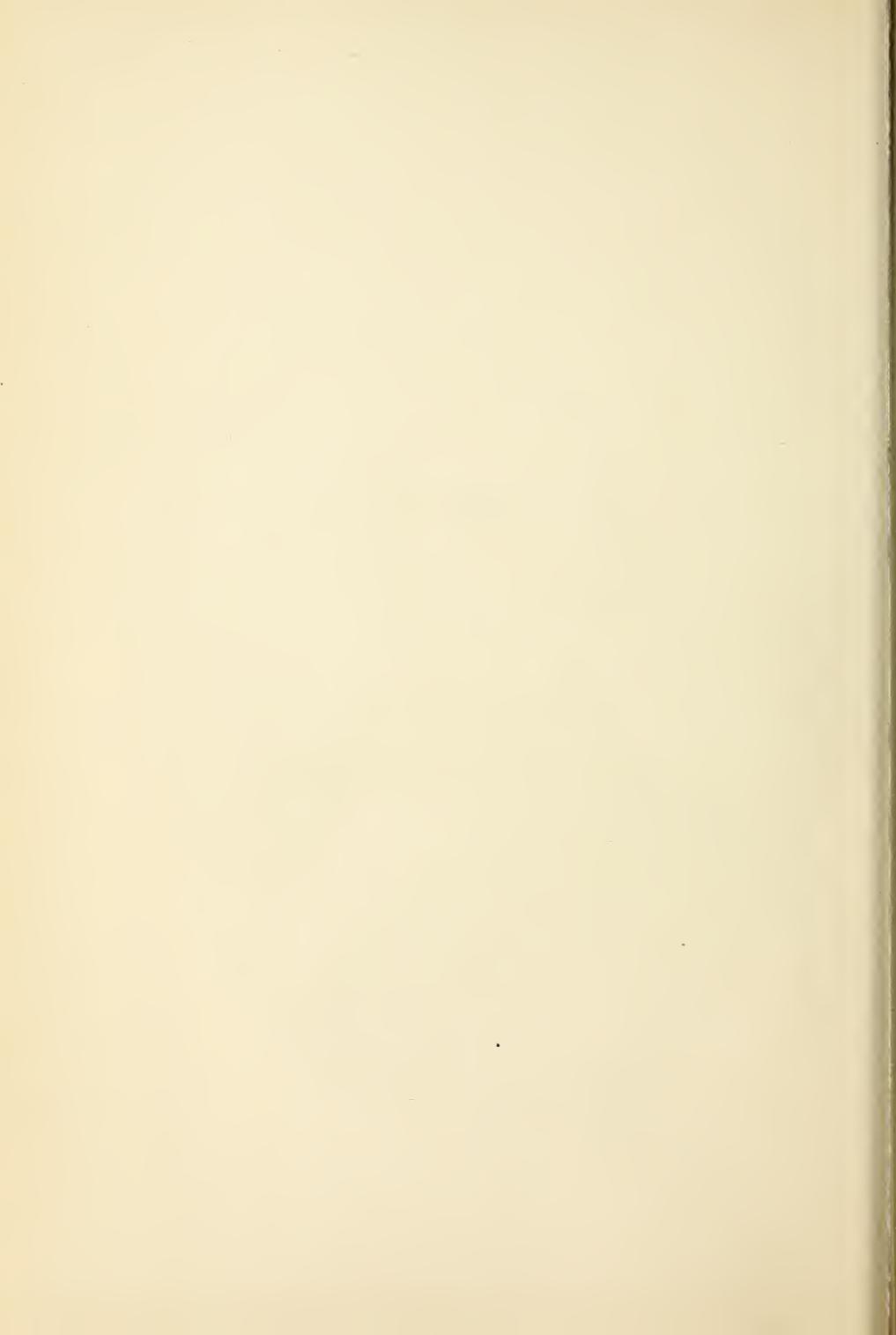
In making his parish calls he always walked and it was a familiar sight to see him and his estimable wife, always arm in arm when walking together, he with his long awkward strides, hat on the back of his head, and she with her short rolling step trudging along beside him. Apparently they were the happiest two in the world.

For animals his love had no bound. Some of his neighbors used to have the finest oxen and horses and I have seen him, time and again, go where they were and fondle them over as a child would kittens. When he was abroad, in writing home to his friends, it was common for him to inquire about certain animals.

He loved people who tried to do right, and the unfortunate, also, found in him a friend, but the



REV. THEODORE PARKER.



wicked a deadly enemy. An instance occurs to me of his sympathy. It was reported to him by a man who loved mischief that one of his young parishioners who had charge of quite a number of foreign workmen was treating them harshly. Mr. Parker at once called upon that young man and told him what he had heard. The young man said he was aware from what source he got his information, and at once stated the case correctly. Mr. Parker replied, "All right, Charles, but be as lenient as you can to the workmen." Not long after this the same mischief maker gave Mr. Parker another experience. Mr. Parker called upon me and said "What do you suppose he's been saying now? he has been telling Aunt Lucy that I am stealing her meal to give to my cow." It is enough to say that the mischief maker was at once removed from the Parker and Cabot household where he had been a coachman.

Aunt Lucy Cabot was the aunt and foster-mother of Mrs. Parker, a rich woman whom the Parkers always lived with during her lifetime. She kept a pair of horses and carriage and a man to care for them, and work about the garden, and in her stable Mr. Parker kept his cow. In summer it was his usual morning exercise to don his blue frock,

and be out about his stable and garden at work.

When Mr. Parker had his call to settle at Roxbury, before he decided to come, he came over to preach and brought his wife and Aunt Lucy Cabot.

After the morning service they drove to the old Spring Street tavern, had dinner, and returned to the church for the afternoon service, then home to Newton. When he decided to come to Roxbury Miss Cabot at once bought the old "Rain-water-Doctor's" place under the great pines directly opposite the old tavern where they took dinner, and that was their home during their stay in Roxbury.

An instance of his great sympathy with the unfortunate: one of his old parishioners who had seen better days came to a sudden and sad end. Mr. Parker was called upon by the family to perform the funeral service. Some of the neighbors thought it a duty to the family to attend the funeral and just as the writer was leaving to go, a lady said to him "Well I suppose you are going to hear Mr. Parker laud this man to the skies." I was much interested to hear what he would say. His prayer was in his own characteristic manner, most devout and full of sympathy for the family, the only allusion to the man being in these words, "That the children might imitate the virtues of the father." And

so I reported to the good lady of the Orthodox faith.

In social gatherings he was the most genial of all. In a room full of his friends all would be eager listeners to his merry-making.

In the pulpit he talked plainly and directly to his people. Mr. Parker's study and library was in the northeast corner of the house on the first floor, in full view of his garden. In the only window in which the sun could shine a pot of corn could always be seen growing in winter.

In regard to his quickness and willingness to help his fellows I will relate an instance. The writer was on a committee to nominate men for the Board of Aldermen for the city of Roxbury. The incumbent from this portion of the town was William Keith, Esq., an old friend and parishioner of Mr. Parker. Then, as now, with people, all were not satisfied with their officials and the story was started that he was unfit for the position on account of his intemperate habits. I tried to make the committee believe the story was untrue and that it was a story gotten up for a purpose, but made no impression upon them; finally I asked the committee whose word they would take, as they were not in-

clined to take mine. They agreed that if Theodore Parker would say Mr. Keith was not an intemperate man they would place his name on the list. I at once called upon Mr. Parker, explained the situation and what the committee were willing to do, and asked him if he would give me a letter stating how he viewed the case. His reply was "with all my heart, they are doing Mr. Keith a great injustice." He at once wrote the letter, I took it to the committee, Mr. Keith's name was placed upon the list and he was elected.

When Mr. Parker resigned his Roxbury pastorate the people felt they could not part with him, as Boston was so near and he could live among them. Arrangements were made with him to continue to supply the pulpit for one year afterwards. During that time he would drive into Boston in the morning and care for his Boston congregation, then drive back to his old pulpit and hold the services there. Some of the old parishioners followed him to both services.

While he was on his first trip abroad his friends desired to make his church look cheerful to him on his return, and they lowered the old-fashioned high box pulpit and placed stairs on the outside leading

into it. The first Sunday after he returned the church had not a vacant place to stand in, while outside it looked like an old-fashioned musterfield it was so thronged with people, horses and carriages from far and near. At no other time in my memory was it so crowded, although during the last three years of his ministry many came from Boston, Roxbury, Dedham, Milton and other neighboring towns. It will be understood by this account how Mr. Parker lived here in his pastorate, and in what high esteem he was held. After he went to Boston the world knew all about him and what the great noble-hearted friend of humanity achieved.

With a directness that all could understand, he denounced all phases of wrong and hypocrisy, and extolled all that was good, and so he lived on happy with his people and surroundings, until one day Deacon Arnold took him in his old two-wheeled chaise to South Boston to preach the ordination sermon for the Rev. C. C. Shackford. From that sermon the reputation of Mr. Parker spread broadcast. It can only be known by those who were near him at that time what days and nights of anguish he suffered. Often when he would go for his mail in the morning, he would return laden with letters, some

anonymous, some threatening, some commanding. He would come into the shop where I was working and say to Mr. Billings, "Here, Joe, see what a mess of stuff I have got here this morning." At first they did not trouble him much, but as time ran on and but two or three ministers of the Boston Association were friendly with him, it began to wear upon him; but as he thought he was right he determined to brave it out, and now the world knows how well he succeeded. It seemed to be a great blow to the conservative and cautious members of the profession to have the mirror held before them so they could see just where they stood. With rare exceptions they were unwilling to exchange with him, but when they tried to influence James Freeman Clark, he replied, "I have made an agreement to exchange with Mr. Parker and I shall keep it if it costs me my pulpit."

It used to be a saying of Mr. Parker's that no man ever got very high in pulling himself up by pulling other people down.

To the young he was especially considerate, always ready to talk with them, give them advice, invite them to his library, teach them the languages, if they had any desire to learn them, which some

were very glad to do. He used to say to them, "come almost any evening but Saturday; I want that evening to prepare my sermon for Sunday."

One morning in early June when there had been a shower during the previous night, the foliage dripping wet, and water stood in low places glistening in the sun, the writer was standing on the sidewalk by the old cemetery gate talking with a friend, when Mr. Parker came along on his way home from the post office, and stopped with us, and the conversation turned upon what a reverend gentleman (as reported), had said in his prayer at a so-called religious meeting in a neighboring church the previous evening.

He prayed that Mr. Parker's tongue might be palsied to prevent him from preaching in such a blasphemous manner and leading the young to destruction. Mr. Parker stood there talking and putting his hand in the water in the depression on the wall and said, "I presume Brother —— thinks he is right, but Pope Pius is not the only bigot in the world."

When the old cemetery was enlarged and improvements made, Mr. Parker took a lively interest in the work going on. It probably is known to but

few at the present time that in 1841 Mr. Parker selected a lot in this old cemetery for his last resting place. After he left the parish he relinquished his claim.

As this meagre sketch of Mr. Parker's life at Roxbury goes to the press, the last vestige of his old home here has disappeared. The house is now owned by the Catholic clergyman of the place, has been remodeled, the grounds completely rearranged and the stately pines that he so dearly loved have just been cut down into cord wood and piled near Mr. Parker's old library door.

The writer of this brief sketch is well aware of what devoted friends, admirers and able writers have written and published of the writings and works of this busy and noble man, and his only desire is to let it be known what he was, and some things in connection with his daily life in Roxbury and his associations at that time, that the present generation have not had brought to their notice.

REV. DEXTER CLAPP

Installed over the Second Church, Roxbury, December 20, 1848, and continued until November 23, 1851.

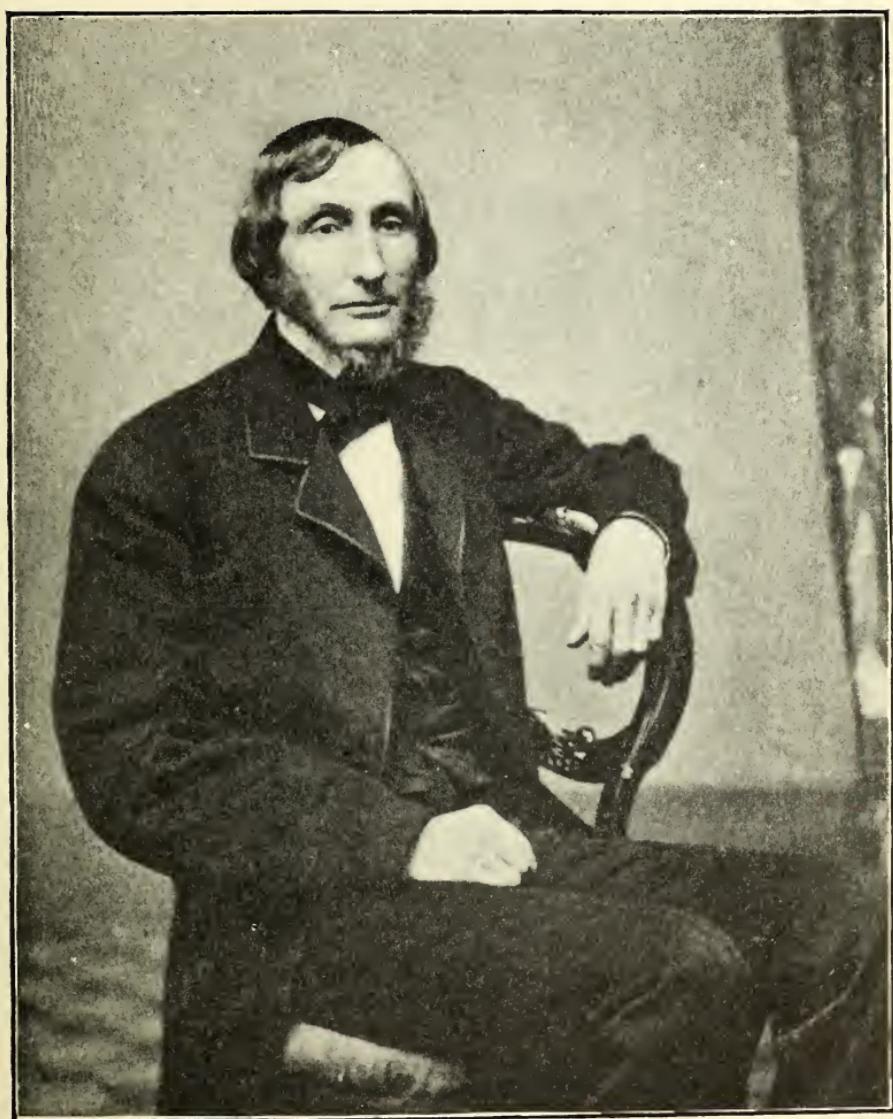
He came here from the western part of the state, a worthy successor of Mr. Whitney. He at once entered into his work in the parish, and won the love and respect of the people. He took the same stand with his brother ministers as Mr. Parker, acceptable to his own people and to congregations wherever he went.

He was kindly, sympathetic, and ever ready to befriend the unfortunate. No call upon him would pass unheeded. He loved to ramble about the woods and fields, nothing pleased him more than to go into a field and take a plough by the handles and tell how he used to work about the farm when a boy. He came here on a salary of six hundred dollars a year; while here it was raised to eight hundred and a parsonage built costing \$4000 besides the land. The lot adjoining the church land, of three acres, was given for the purpose by Mrs. Elizabeth Corey (Aunt Corey so-called). He was not a man of very robust health. He was kind to the parish, and the parish was kind to him.

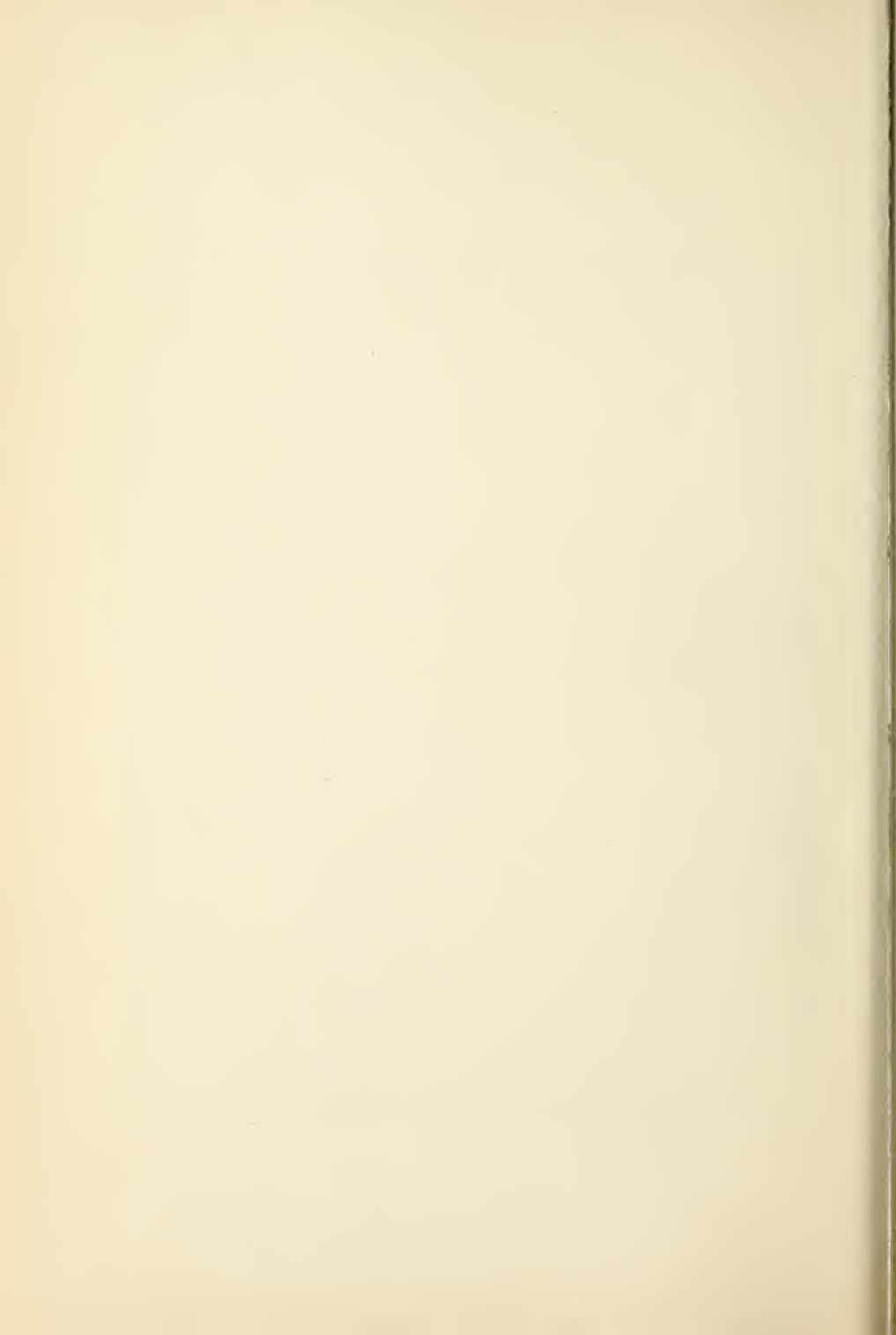
In the fall of 1850, he received a call from the East parish, Salem, and accepted it, where he spent the remainder of his useful life.

The writer was once riding with Mr. Clapp through West Newton; we came to a fine cottage, with many fancy nooks and corners, near the top of the hill. He exclaimed, "That man has built his home to catch all the water," at the same time he said, "I would never build a home on the top of a hill, so when I wanted to go to it I should have to climb, sick or well. No, I would build at the bottom, then climb when I felt like it."

Once, in preaching a sermon on character, to illustrate, he said, "A trifle in the right direction counts for good. A trifle in the wrong direction counts for bad—it is like sticking up a pole in the middle of a river, in course of time it will turn the whole current."



REV. DEXTER CLAPP.



EDMUND B. WILLSON.

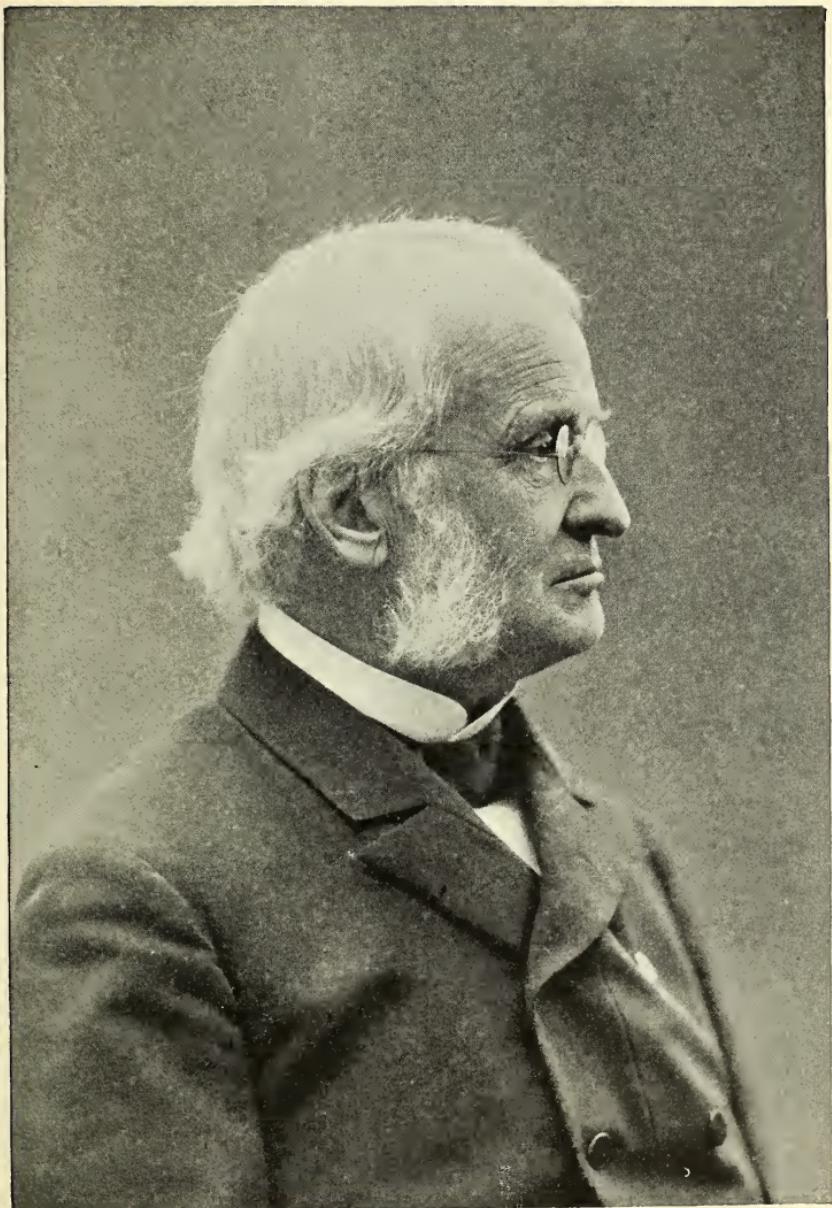
JULY 28, 1852—MAY, 1859.

After Mr. Clapp left, the parish was without a settled minister for some time, a supply being obtained from Sunday to Sunday. We had able men —like the Staples brothers, Mr. Badger and others much like them. Also at one time we had quite a number from the school in Boston of which Rev. George H. Hepworth was the head, but we did not arrive at anything permanent.

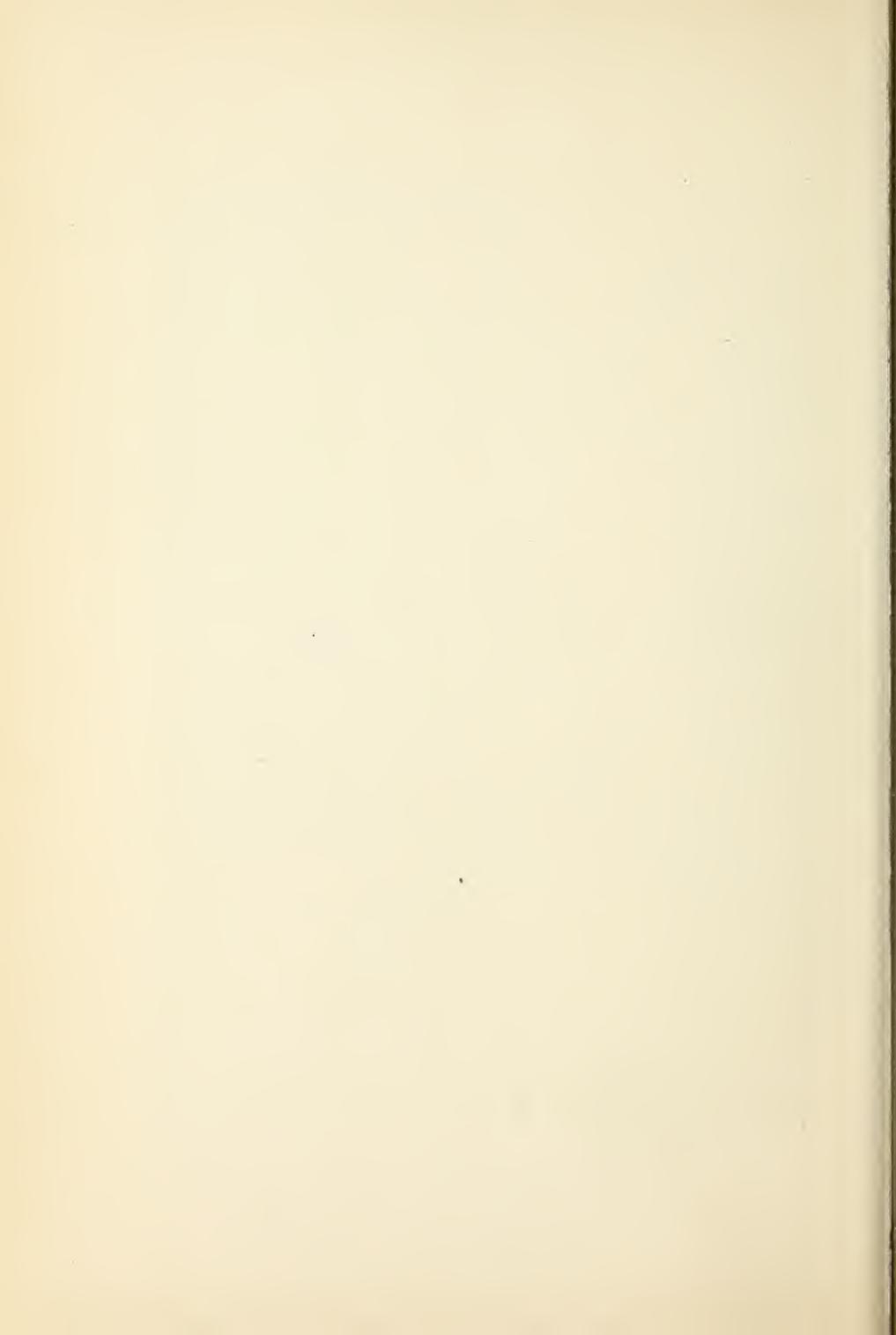
One day Mr. Charles Faulkner, of Boston, met Mr. Joseph H. Billings and in talking over parish matters, as they frequently did, Mr. Faulkner said, “Joe, I know of a minister just such as you want out there. I have been in Grafton a number of times on Sunday and heard a Mr. Willson. He is a young man and would satisfy me, I think he would you, and it seems to me, with a little effort, you can get him.” The next day found Mr. Billings with his roan horse headed for Grafton. He found the genial, good man, but he was deeply rooted there. Nevertheless, he made an engagement to come and preach one Sunday. He came, then arranged to come again. After the second

time a parish meeting was called, and it was voted unanimously to extend to him a call to come to the old parish. Then came the tug of war. The roots of his life in Grafton, his first pastorate, struck deep; he found it hard to part with his people, but he decided to accept the call. A few days later another letter came from him withdrawing the acceptance, for, as he then thought, good reasons. Then Mr. Billings with his fleet steed was off to Grafton again to have a talk with the good man; at once another parish meeting was called and a committee chosen to go to Grafton to consult with Mr. Willson. After that, letters passed and finally word came that he had fully decided to come to West Roxbury, commencing July 1st, 1852. There was no special ceremony at the installation. Rev. E. E. Hale preached the sermon and Mr. Willson conducted the services. Among his many Grafton friends there was one of the most worthy ladies who said at the time that she should like to shoot that gentleman that kept coming up there with the *roan horse* to get their minister away.

Mr. Willson at once made himself at home in the parish, entering into the good graces of all who met him. He had a cheerful word for all with



Edmund B. Wilson



whom he became associated. There was no place that he could not make better by his presence. Here, with his devoted wife, the next seven years of his life were passed, honored and beloved by all. He took a lively interest in the schools, serving on the committee with Rev. James Freeman Clark, Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, and Rev. Thomas Laurie, a man of whom he was very fond, even though he was of the Scotch Calvinistic Order. All who knew him were aware what a passion he had for teaching; he used to claim that was what he was best fitted for. Long after he went to Salem he would come up among his old neighbors and would often speak of an old place that he would like to come back to and open a school. While he was here the single service on Sunday was inaugurated. He came here on a salary of \$800 a year and the parsonage, which was put in perfect order for him. Later his salary was raised to \$1200 and continued so till the end of his ministry here. While at West Roxbury he was invited to take charge of a New York parish and also one in Boston, but he heeded them not.

Mr. Willson was patient and respectful to the complaining and in cases of distress, disappoint-

ment and the like, the question with him was, "What can I do to help you?" He had a warm welcome in every household and many of the old families always claimed him in their joys and in their sorrows, and to their call he never turned a deaf ear.

As he would ride and walk about the country, no peculiarity would escape his notice; the writer was at one time riding across the country with Mr. Willson; in Needham we came to the house once occupied by the famous Dr. W. T. G. Morton, the discoverer of ether; it was then owned by George E. Jennings, and painted fancifully, chimneys in keeping with the rest. Mr. Willson looked at it and exclaimed in his characteristic way, "Well, every man has his hobby, and that man's is chimneys."

For beautiful things his heart was filled with love, he also loved animals, particularly horses; graceful as a driver,—in the saddle he was exceedingly graceful,—an exercise of which he was very fond. He liked too, to take his skates on a winter day and go to the river or pond for exercise. His talent for interesting stories and fun was immense, but when serious matters were to be weighed, none could give closer attention to devise means to bring about the right. On all occasions, whether in town meet-

ing or in church service, if he felt called upon to speak, he always had the right word to offer.

At the time of the rendition of Anthony Burns, Mr. Willson was thoroughly aroused; it was on Friday, and on the following Sunday he preached what he called his "Bad Friday" sermon. Some of his parishioners were connected with the military companies on guard about the Court House, and one of them gave word to fire, to clear the street up Cornhill. Of course his scathing denunciation of this act caused some ill feeling among some members of the parish; they did not want to be told that they ought not to allow themselves to be as billets of wood, thrown hither and thither, at the command of superior officers. For some time after that he received many threatening letters that troubled him a great deal, and some people left the church. As soon as it was realized what was being done to annoy Mr. Willson, steps were at once taken to stop it. In looking about among the people, a suspicion rested upon one man. The suspected man was at once informed of the trouble some one was making by writing anonymous letters to Mr. Willson, and he was invited to help hunt up the party who was doing the shameful work—then the mischievous letter-writing at once ceased.

At last the North Church, Salem, found him out, they wanted him to come to them. Then again came the test on the deep roots,—his old parish wanted him, the North parish, Salem, were determined to have him. He accepted their call; he afterward withdrew the acceptance, then his old parish rejoiced, but the North Church kept the old roan horse running, until they finally got away our friend; his thirty-six years there have been fitly told by Hon. Robert S. Rantoul and Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and recorded in the publications of the Essex Institute.

REV. T. B. FORBUSH

Installed at the First Church, West Roxbury, July 1, 1863 and continued until May 1, 1868.

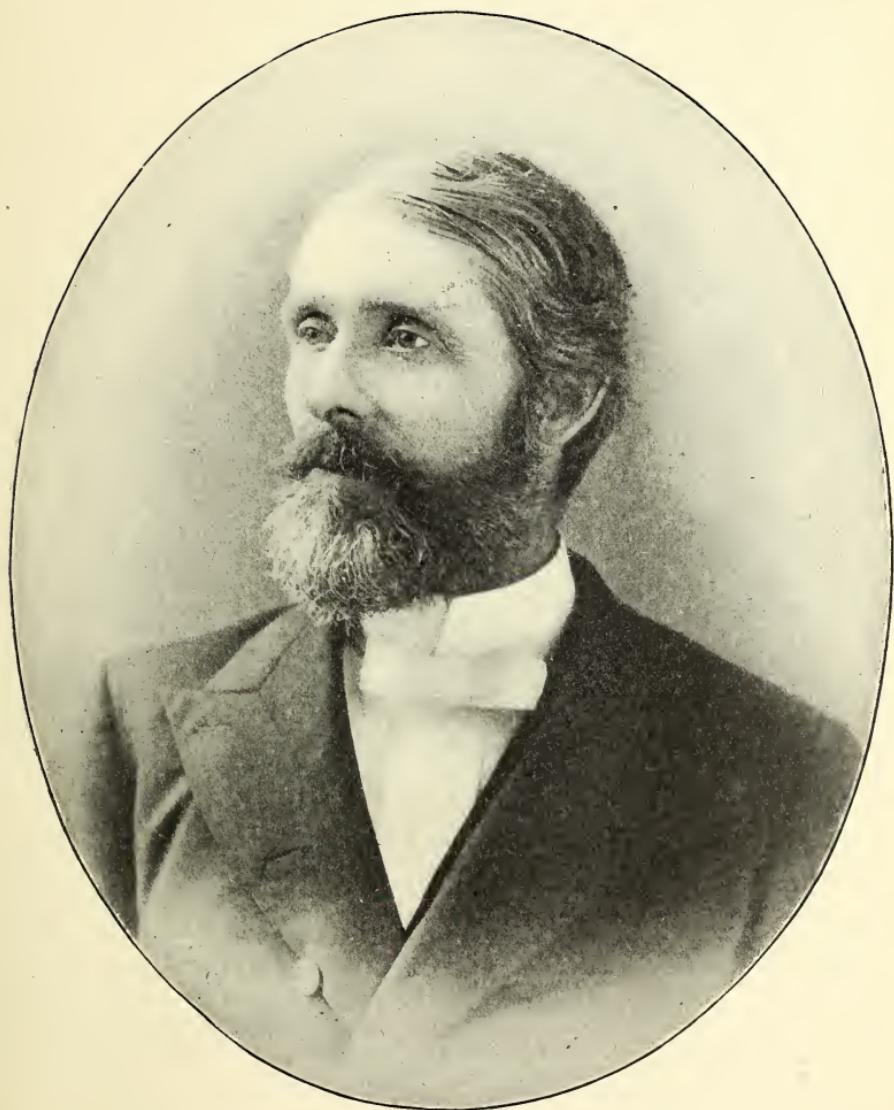
He came here from Northboro, where he had been an assistant of Rev. Mr. Allen. He was not a man who took the deep interest in his parish work that his predecessors did.

Was quite a fluent speaker, wordy in prayer, but not the same deep loving words that the parish people had been used to. He seemed to be fond of the comfortable side of life. It was quite a tiresome effort for him to perform one service on Sunday; he used to say it took him until the middle of the following week to recover from the effort. At the same time he would find time to go to various entertainments when his thoughtful friends would send him tickets of admission, or for a pleasure ride whenever an opportunity offered. When the time came for him to leave, it was not hard for him and the parish to separate.

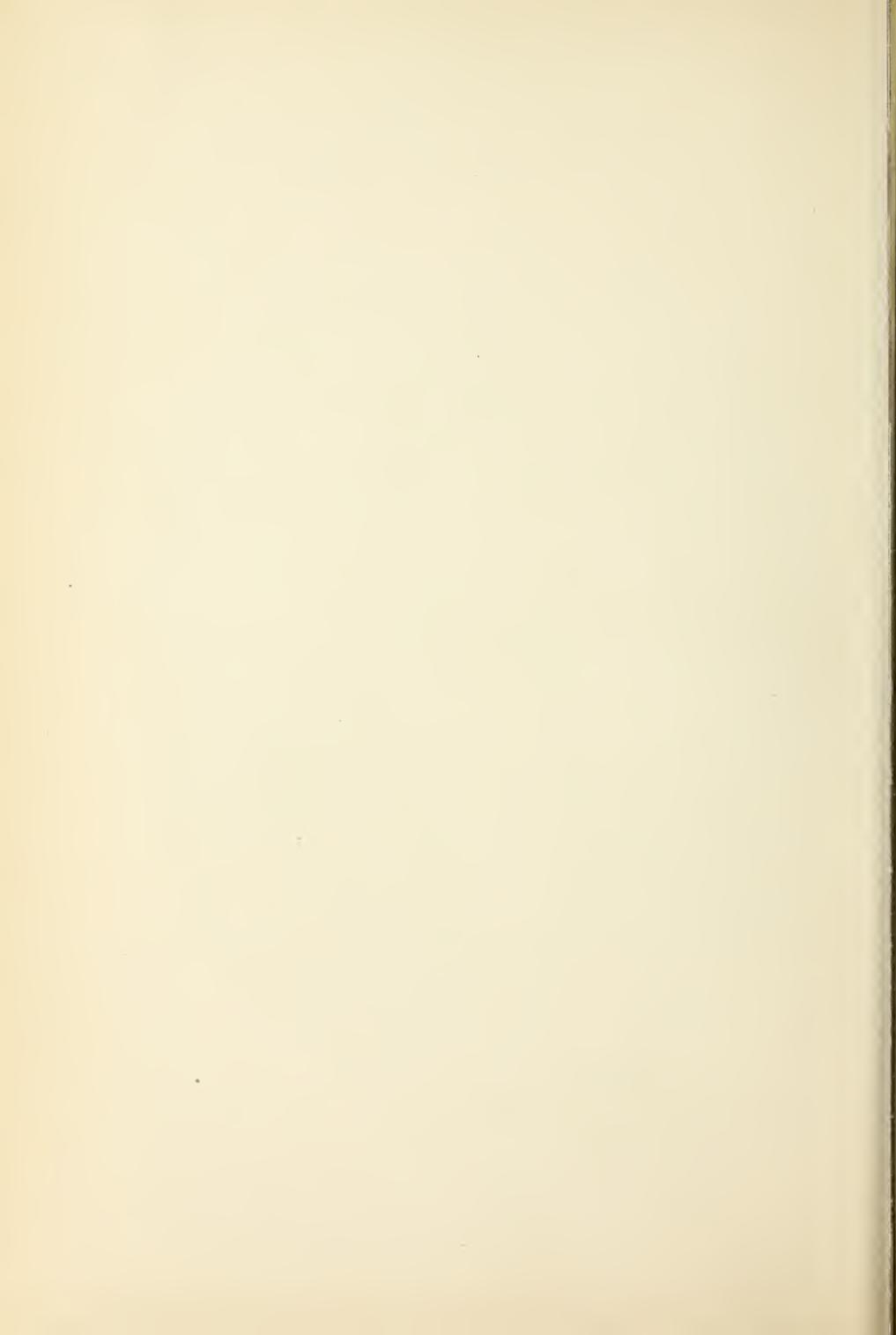
REV. AUGUSTUS M. HASKELL

Installed over the Second Church, May 22, 1870,
and continued its pastor until January 15, 1889.

About that time the old church was partially burned, and the society became divided. Some wanted to repair, some to build anew farther on towards Dedham, others towards Roslindale, which resulted in building a small stone church in each village, and abandoning the venerable old one. Mr. Haskell's sympathies were with the Roslindale movement and he took charge of their small gathering in the beginning. Mr. Haskell was brought to the notice of the parish by the Rev. E. B. Willson who knew him well, and recommended him as a man after his own liking. He had been settled in Salem, over the Barton Square Church, and also at Manchester, N. H. The parish invited him to supply the pulpit a few Sundays, they liked him, and invited him to come there permanently. He accepted and at once took charge of the duties of the parish. He was a kind, sympathetic man, his thoughts always seemed to be for the good of others not taking into consideration his frail self.



REV. AUGUSTUS M. HASKELL.



His visits were as sunshine in every household, ever considerate, and kind under all circumstances, full of sympathy in sorrow, full of joy on all pleasant occasions. He, too, knew every nook and corner in the vicinity, although not a good walker, he and his pet horse were frequent visitors among his people. In his patient, faithful care for his parishioners, Mr. Haskell would rank fully with a Whitney, a Parker, or a Willson, and so he continued.

At the suggestion of Mr. Haskell and some others, in 1873, the church roof was newly shingled, for the third time since it had been in its present shape (one hundred years), and the inside somewhat remodeled, by taking out some pews in front and beside the pulpit, and broadening the stairways leading up to it, changing the singers' seats, new carpets, etc., at a cost of \$2,200 for the entire improvements, which sum was raised by subscription, and left with a committee to use in making the changes. The first stump run against was the question of tearing out the old pulpit, which at once caused a division in the committee, a part determined to tear it out, a part as determined to keep it as it had always been, with some few changes. The tear-downs withdrew from the committee, and their subscrip-

tions went with them, and I am sorry to say that some of the ladies and a few of the gentlemen sympathized with them; at the same time the writer pushed on—saved the venerable old pulpit intact, made the desired alterations to the satisfaction of all but himself, whose patience was sorely tried, and the bills were paid in spite of the withdrawal of sundry subscribers to do their share,—their conduct need not be envied,—where they wanted to spend \$10,000, \$2,200 did the desired work.

That was the last improvement made on the old church and so it continued until fire left it as it stands at the present time. Among all the ministers who were associated with the church and its people, in its various interests in building character, none were more worthy than the subject of this short and trifling sketch.

It must be remembered that, during all these changes, the old stand-bys, who had so faithfully carried on the work of the parish, were fast being taken away, and new people coming into both sections of the parish have done much to obliterate old associations.

Changing these old lines has cost both sections men that they could ill afford to lose.

None knew better than the writer the many and various works this good man was engaged in, and never for self first and somebody else afterwards.

His health at times caused much anxiety, and at times made his work hard and sometimes discouraging for him; at such times he always had a near friend and helper in his estimable wife, who was competent to advise, encourage, and sympathize with him under all circumstances. Mrs. Haskell is the only one left among us who experienced the joys and sorrows of a minister's life connected with the old church.

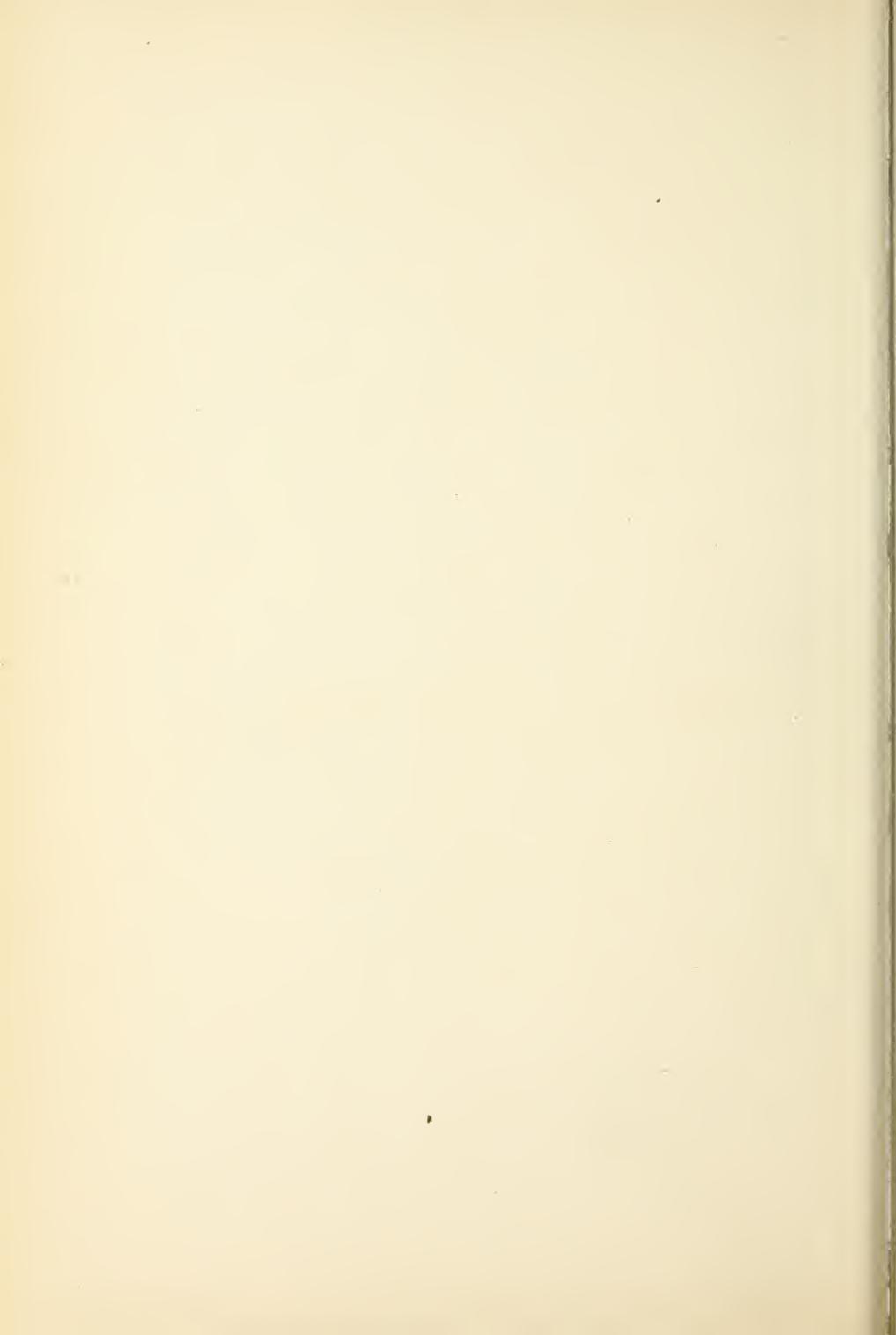


Exchanges.

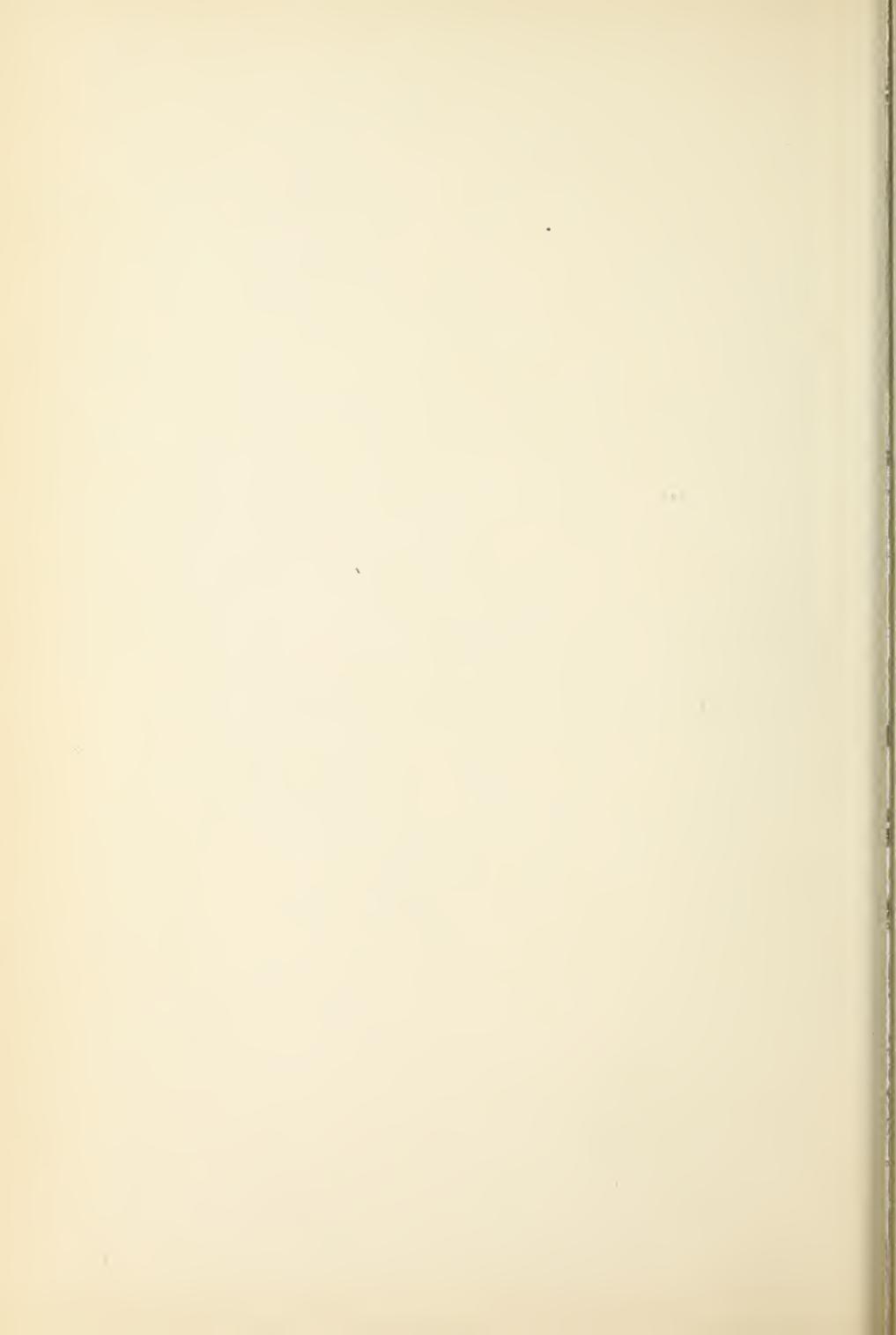
Rev. Mr. Angier,	Milton
Rev. Mr. Allen,	Jamaica Plain
Rev. Charles Brigham,	Taunton
Rev. Mr. Bailey,	Dedham
Rev. Mr. Buck,	Portland, Maine
Rev. H. N. Brown,	Brookline
Rev. Dr. Briggs,	Salem

Rev. S. C. Beach,	Dedham
Rev. Dr. Barrett,	Boston
Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol,	Boston
Rev. Mr. Crowninshield,	West Dedham
Rev. W. H. Channing,	Boston
Rev. Mr. Dole,	Jamaica Plain
Rev. John Dwight,	Boston
Rev. Rufus Ellis,	Boston
Rev. George Ellis,	Charlestown
Rev. Wm. Everett,	Quincy
Rev. George Folsom,	Dedham
Rev. Dr. Frothingham,	Boston
Dr. Francis,	Cambridge
Dr. Furness,	Philadelphia
Rev. Mr. Guild,	Canton
Rev. Dr. Gannett,	Boston
Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale,	Boston
Rev. Dr. Huntington,	Boston
Rev. Dr. Hedge,	Brookline
Rev. Mr. Hall,	Dorchester
Rev. J. W. Hudson,	Peabody
Rev. Dr. Hill,	Waltham
Rev. G. H. Hepworth,	Boston
Rev. Mr. Jenks,	Canton
Rev. T. Starr King,	Boston

Rev. Mr. Locke,	West Dedham
Rev. Mr. Lunt,	Quincy
Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop,	Boston
Rev. Dr. Lamson,	Dedham
Rev. Mr. Myrick,	Walpole
Rev. Dr. Morrison,	Milton
Rev. Dr. Noyes,	Cambridge
Rev. Charles Noyes,	Andover
Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody,	Cambridge
Rev. Dr. George Putnam,	Roxbury
Rev. A. P. Putnam,	Roxbury
Rev. Dr. Pierce,	Brookline
Rev. John Pierpont,	Boston
Rev. George Ripley,	Boston
Rev. Grindell Reynolds,	Jamaica Plain
Rev. Chandler Robbins,	Boston
Rev. Charles Sewell,	Medfield
Rev. Mr. Spaulding,	Framingham
Rev. Mr. Saltmarsh,	Canton
Rev. W. H. Savory,	Canton
Rev. Mr. Sanger,	Dover
Rev. Dr. Thompson,	Jamaica Plain
Rev. Frederick Whitney,	Brighton
Rev. Dr. Young,	Boston



Members of the Parish.





DEA. JOSEPH ARNOLD. A genial, sunny man, greeting you with pleasant words, fond of fun and jokes.

A bootmaker by trade, which he always worked at more or less; at the same time he carried on a farm successfully; a sterling citizen, his word never doubted, constant at church on Sundays, he and his worthy wife could be seen with their old white-faced horse and two-wheeled chaise trotting up to the church door for many years, and with the same turnout he carried Mr. Parker to South Boston to preach the sermon that became so famous at Mr. Shacford's ordination. He left a large family, and some of the most worthy people are his descendants.

JOSEPH ARNOLD, Jr., one of the sterling men of the parish, with his family, were in their pew on Sundays without fail. A successful farmer, a man of the strictest integrity, "right" was his motto without any equivocation.

LABAN ADAMS. A retired hotel keeper of the old Lamb Tavern, Boston, now the Adams House. Opened as such by Laban and his son, W. T. Adams, and conducted by them as a temperance house for a number of years, when they sold out, the elder retiring. W. T. Adams became master of one of the Boston schools.

When at Roxbury, Laban Adams had a large farm on Lyon, now Bellevue street, which he managed on a generous scale.

In 1839 he commenced to build a large barn, 80 x 40; his neighbor, Joe Billings, also commenced to build one at the same time and of the same dimensions. One morning Mr. Adams came down to Mr. Billings' shop and said, "Joe, how big a barn are you going to build?" The reply was 80 x 40. Mr. Adams went directly home and told his carpenters to splice three feet on to the sills, for he was determined to have a bigger barn than Joe Billings, which he did, making it 83 feet in length. Another time Mr. Adams and Mr. Cowing rode up to the shop door and called out, "Joe, look here a minute." Mr. Billings went to the door playfully, hat in hand like a boy, and took the horse by the bit. Mr. Adams understood the joke and putting his hand

in his pocket, pulled out a four-penny bit and said, "here Joe;" Mr. Cowing, seeing the joke pulled out a cent and said, "here Joe, I can't afford to give as much as Adams." Mr. Billings took the money to a jeweller and had them fastened together with a gold rivet, and carried them in his pocket a long time. The writer now has them in his possession. W. T. Adams attended school here under Masters Hyde and Basto and was a great favorite with both of them. After he left the hotel and school teaching he became a writer under the name of Oliver Optic, of whom most children know all about.

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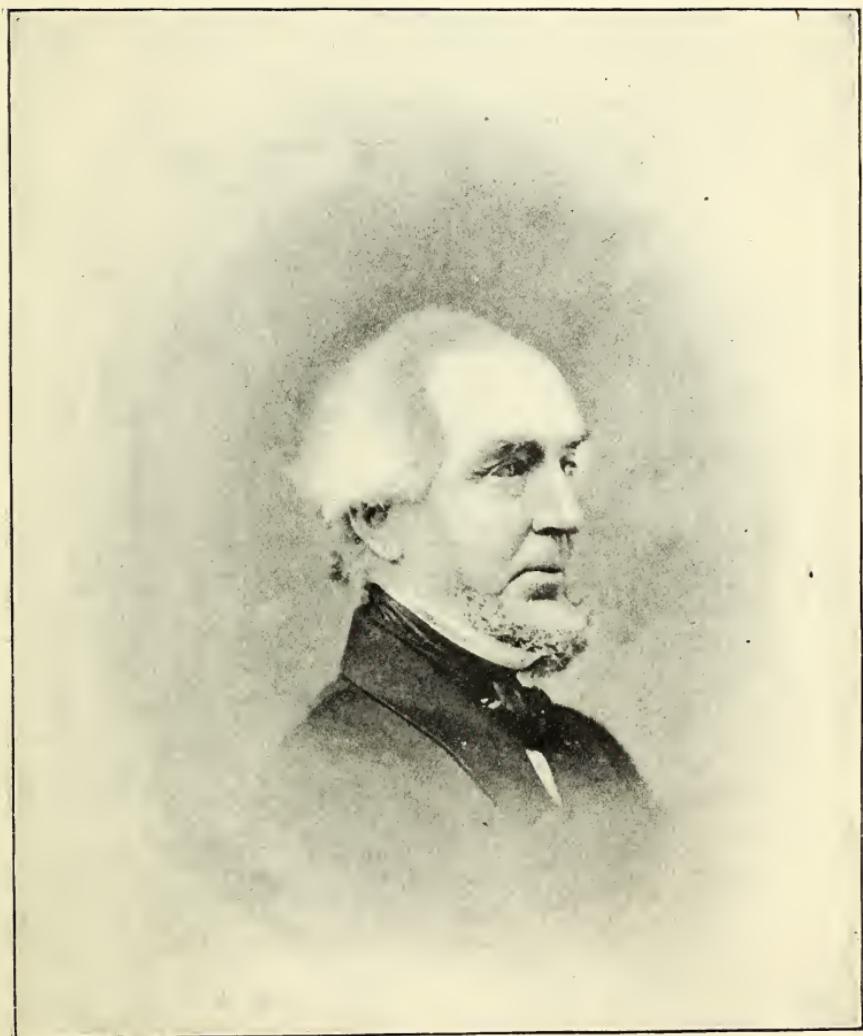
BENJAMIN BILLINGS. A plain, honest man, industrious, prudent, public spirited, he and his worthy wife, Susanna Weld, were interested in all good things in their day, and always had words of encouragement for the young. Generous wherever want appeared, active in town and parish matters, they raised a family of splendid children whom they taught to go and do likewise, and to the knowledge of the writer the children followed in the footsteps of their parents.

His business sign was "Benj. Billings, Leather Dresser and Breeches Maker," which can now be seen in the roof of an old house near Spring Street

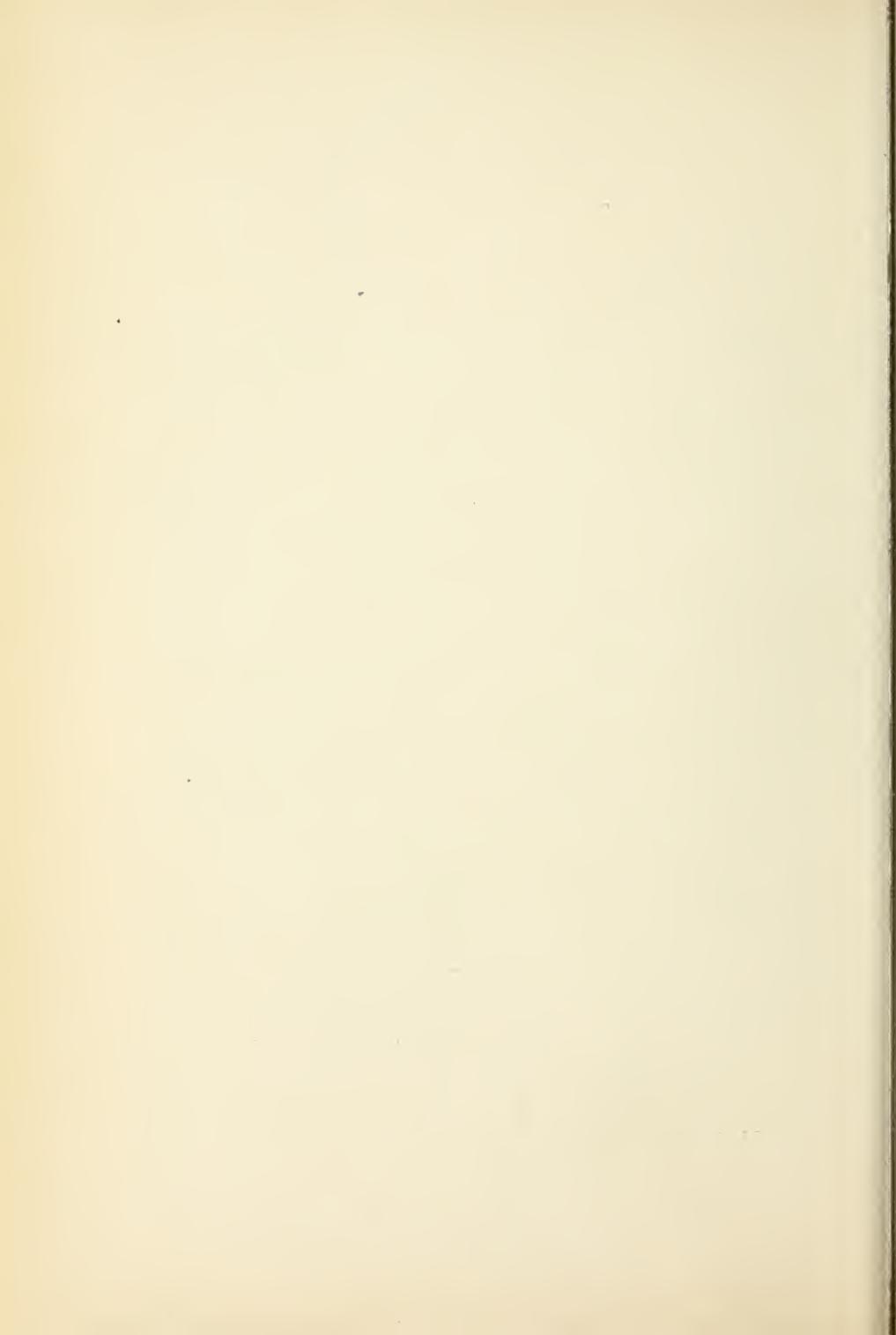
Station. His business was tanning sheep and goat skins, making them into breeches, mittens and gloves, and dealing in wool.

LEMUEL BILLINGS. A plain, honest man, hatter by trade, and in those days that calling was not particularly successful. The writer presumes that hats then were made of good material and fashions did not change then as now. He and his worthy wife, Hannah Whiting, were good friends of the parish, their children were successful, and their grandchildren are among the best people of their time. The youngest grandson, Robert C. Billings, the parish will long remember with gratitude.

JOSEPH HENRY, son of Benjamin Billings, came upon the stage at the age of twenty years, and when his father died, he succeeded him in business at the old homestead. He was the leading friend of the parish and its ministers until the end of his life at the age of sixty-six years. Every minister found in him a true friend and enthusiastic supporter, always ready with his money and time to go forward and help in any good cause. His love for the parish and the best interests of his native town had no limits.



JOSEPH H. BILLINGS.



He not only acted himself, but he would set all about him in motion. He cared for his wool business, was intensely fond of his land, his well-bred horses, oxen and cows. He had thirty-five acres of land, made beautiful with trees and shrubs, fruit trees and grass, and some used to say Joe would cover it every year with dollars. The writer was well aware that money was never spared when anything was wanting to improve this beautiful garden farm.

Mr. Billings was one whom all expected to see the most forward in every good cause. He was extremely fond of all beautiful things, wherever and whatever shape they might come in.

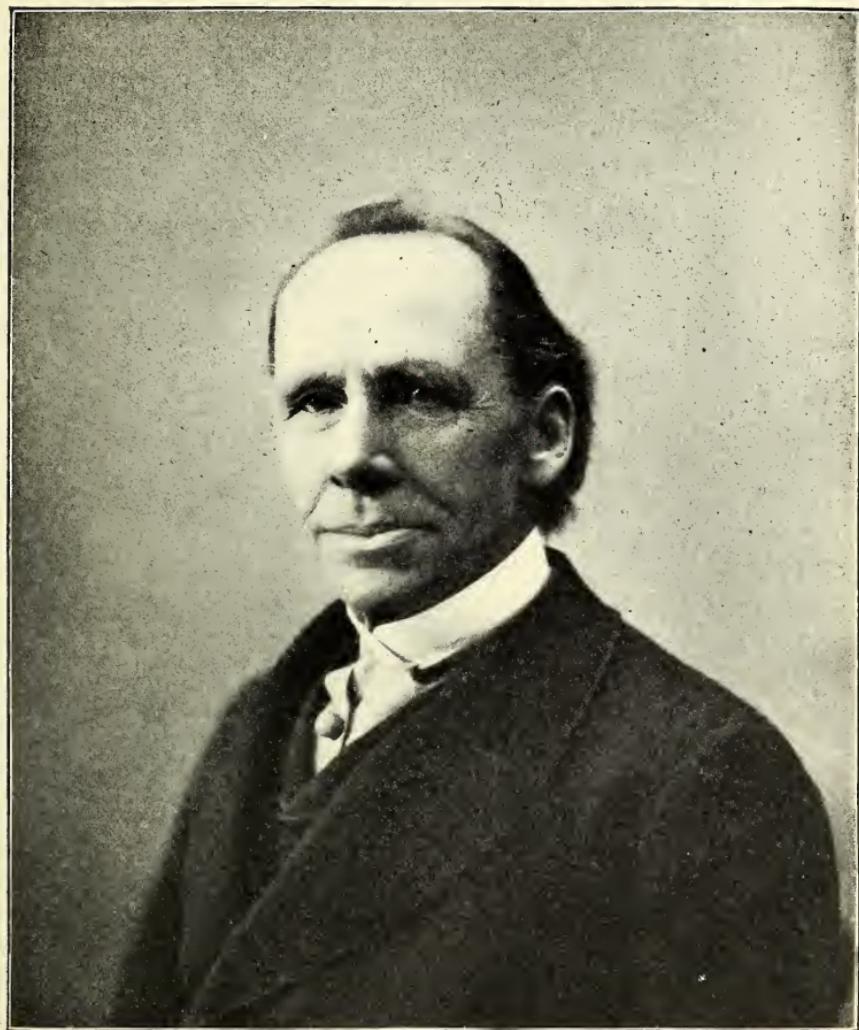
I don't think any one addressed him in any other manner than "Joe" Billings, excepting the staid gentleman, Geo. R. Russell. He always addressed him as Mr. Billings, and none of the ministers but called him "Joe," excepting Rev. Mr. Willson, and among the younger people the writer was the only one who had the courage to address him always as Mr. Billings; with me it was nothing assumed for the occasion, for my mother drilled me to be respectful to my elders always.

I remember once when a little difference occurred

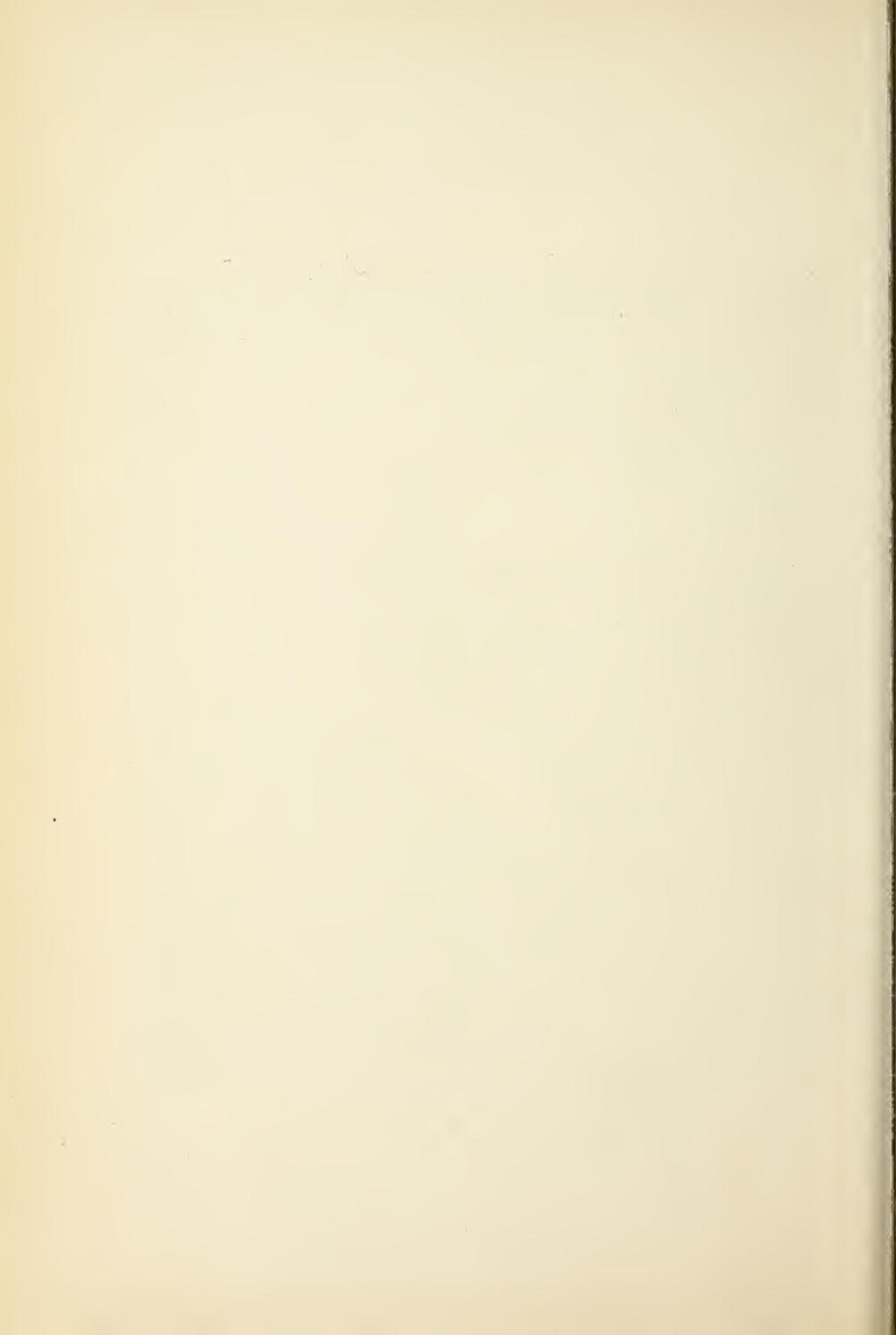
between Mr. Billings and some of the parishioners in regard to some management, one of the dissatisfied ones called upon Mr. G. R. Russell to obtain his influence against Mr. Billings; Mr. Russell replied to him, "Mr. Billings has always had the best interests of the parish at heart, and will as long as he lives. I shall take no part against him."

ROBERT CHARLES BILLINGS, one whom the parish will remember by his generous gift, was a boy and young man who could often be seen on a Sunday morning taking his long, awkward strides from Boston to the venerable old church of his ancestors. After services he would call among old friends and return with his measured step to his Boston home. He was particularly successful as connected with one of the best merchants in Boston, Mr. Charles Faulkner, all his business life.

As a partner in the firm of Faulkner, Kimball & Co., and in his whole business life, his only care was of the books of the concern, and in that capacity he accumulated a fortune of a million and one half dollars. One day J. H. Billings was in Mr. Faulkner's office in the latter part of the sixties, and they were talking over the men who had made fortunes during



ROBERT C. BILLINGS.



the war. Mr. Faulkner said to him, "There is Robert standing at that desk, and he has never done anything else,—he is worth a quarter of a million dollars."

Mr. Billings and the Rev. Grindell Reynolds, when boys, entered the employ of Thomas Tarbell & Co., Ash street, Boston. The firm was composed of Thomas Tarbell and Charles Faulkner. Upon Mr. Tarbell's retirement from the firm, along in the forties, he said to Mr. Faulkner, "Charles, I have but one request to make to you in the make up of the new firm, and that is for you to take Robert in on a quarter interest." Mr. Faulkner replied, "I will gladly do it." And the new firm was Charles Faulkner, Mr. Kimball of Haverhill, and Robert C. Billings, under the style of Faulkner, Kimball & Co. Mr. Reynolds soon retired from the trade and studied for the ministry.

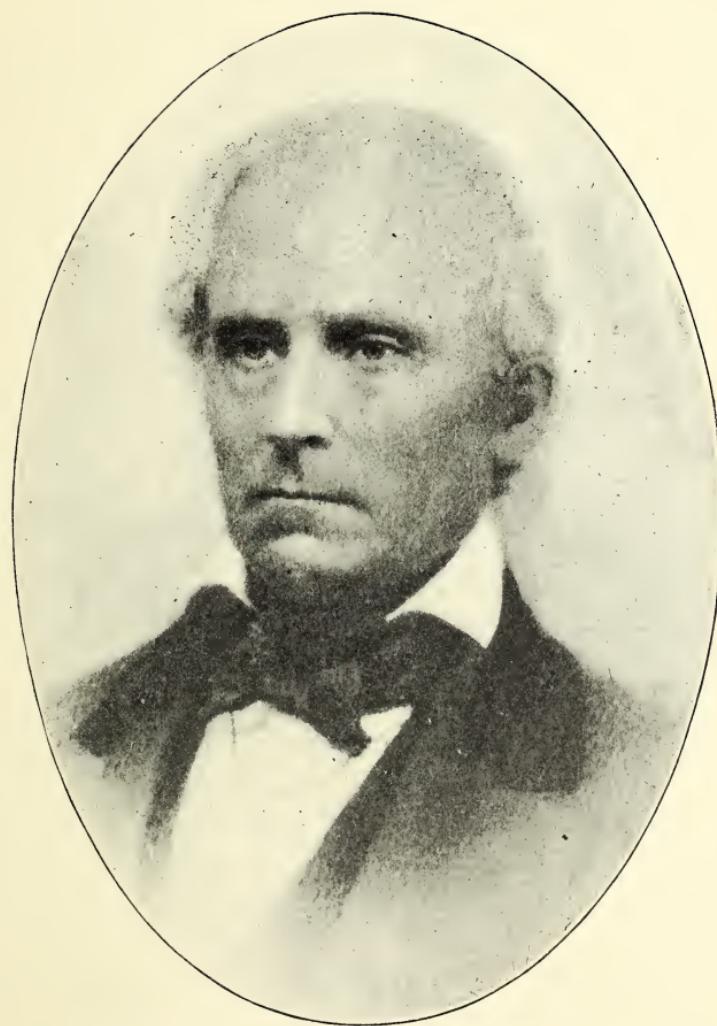
ELIAS T. BOWTHORPE. A prominent man in all parish matters, superintendent of the Sunday-school most of the time for twenty years, and helper in the singing.

BENJAMIN BROWN. A Boston business man, one of the old school gentlemen, interested in all that per-

tained to church and town affairs. He and his good wife were on the alert to do good at all times. None of the ministers ever had stancher friends than they and no good cause more earnest advocates.

SAMUEL DEXTER BRADFORD. A retired merchant, son of one of the earlier ministers of the parish, always intensely interested in all things for its well being; a man fitted to adorn any station in life, public or private, a gentleman of the highest order; was a near and dear friend to every pastor of the parish; whenever anything was wanting for their comfort let it be known to him and it was secured. He gave liberally while living and after his death the parish received ten thousand dollars. He gave one thousand dollars for the building of the parsonage, and at times spent money upon it to add to the comfort of its occupants. He was passionately fond of his land, horses, oxen and other fine stock. He was proud of his grass land; every year somewhere in sight of his home he would have a field of rye.

DEACON EBENEZER COREY was not a very ambitious man—a wheelwright by trade; at the same



BENJAMIN BROWN.



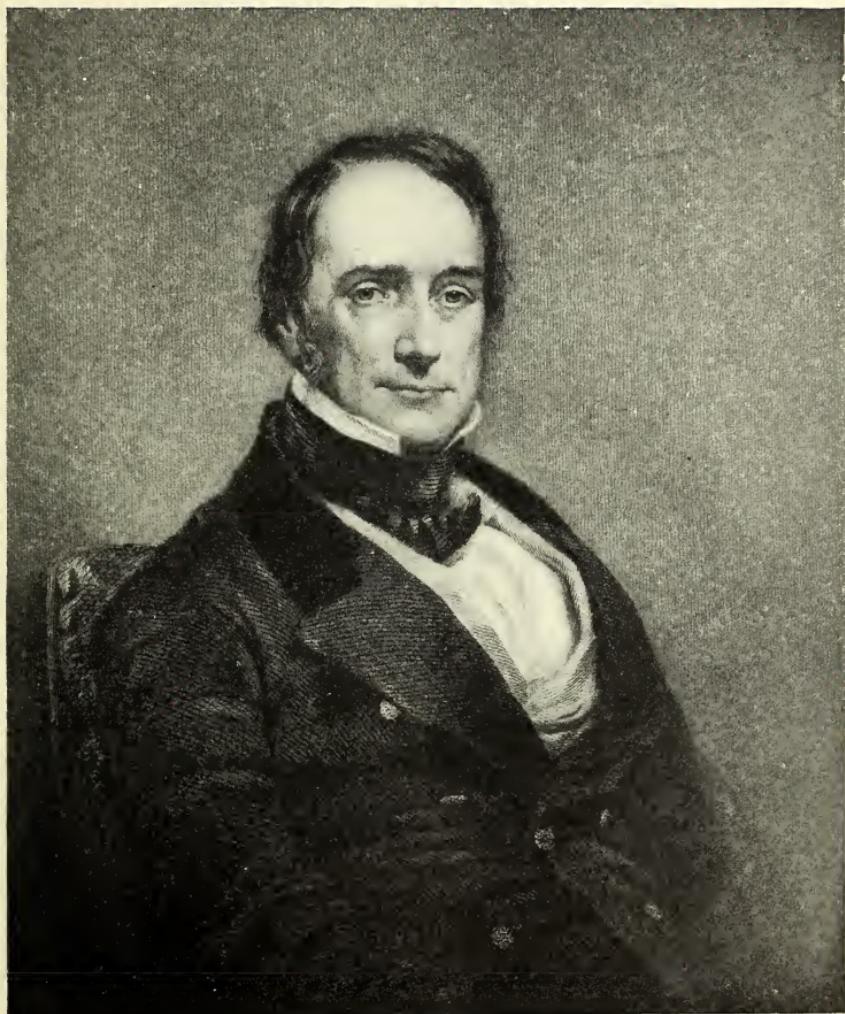
time he and his excellent wife, Elizabeth Weld, did their share in good works. Aside from his trade, he owned a large tract of land and cultivated it. It used to be said that he would spend most of his rainy days and evenings at Adam Smith's, the village store keeper, hearing and imparting news. The story is told of him that one rainy day he was at the store and met the usual gathering and they called upon him for a number of treats, and they became so frequent that he went across the street to his brother-in-law Benj. Billings' shop and said, "Ben, they are imposing upon me over at Smith's, come over with me and quiet them." Mr. Billings entered into the spirit of the matter and followed him over. When he got inside and looked round, he turned to Smith and said, "Drinks for the crowd." After they had drank, he said to Smith, "Charge this to Mr. Corey," and walked out. It is enough to say that the joke had the desired effect. Mr. Billings was the direct opposite of Mr. Corey, always attending strictly to business and no loafing about his premises.

During Mr. Clapp's pastorate, the question of a parsonage and its location was considered. Mrs. Corey, owning a three-acre lot adjoining the

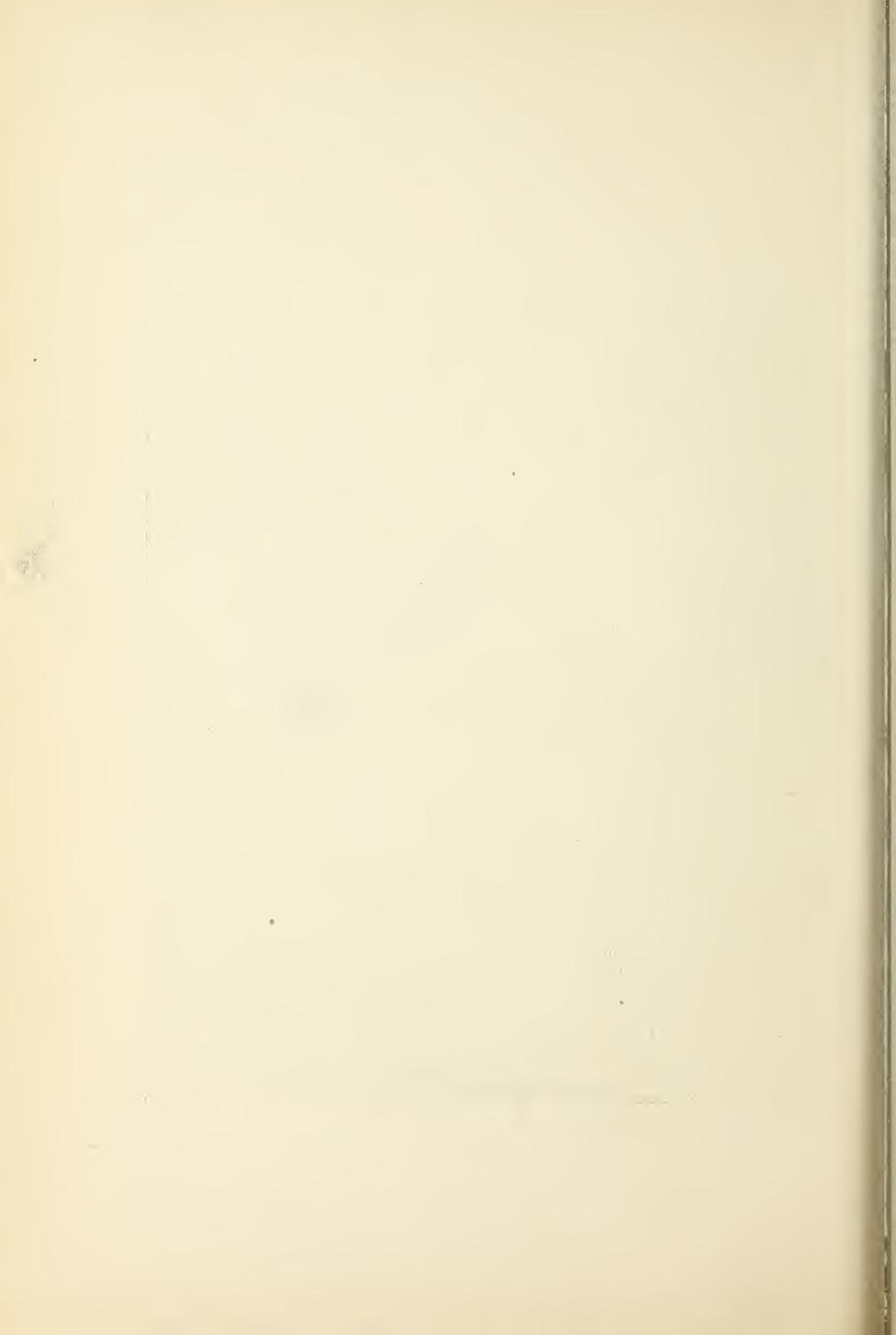
old church lot, at once offered it to the parish to build a parsonage upon; it was accepted and buildings erected there.

Where the new stone church now stands, the part nearest Centre street is on the very spot that the old Corey house stood upon, and the part up Corey street is where the barn stood, with the old-fashioned cowyard on the south side; on Centre street, where the present tennis court is, was the wheelwright shop, and the farm lay back of it including Corey street, to the new street Mr. Applebee lives upon, extending over the hill to the woods beyond. About thirty feet in front of the church there used to stand an old wooden pump in front of the old house, that supplied the premises with water.

FREDERICK CABOT, a retired Boston merchant, came here and located on the Tom Richards' farm on Lyon street, now Belleview. He was fond of his land and fine stock, a friend and attendant of the church, and an estimable citizen. In those days men had not heard of the short day mania for labor. Men used to come from Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, work for a few months on the land, go home for the winter, and then come back in the spring.



SAMUEL D. BRADFORD.



One spring a man from Maine applied to Mr. Cabot for work, and they had agreed upon wages and the number of months, then the man asked what time he should begin in the morning and what time leave off at night. Mr. Cabot replied, "Begin as soon as you can see in the morning and work until dark at night." That did not intimidate the man, he went to work and continued there a long time. Previous to 1860, a day's work meant all day long.

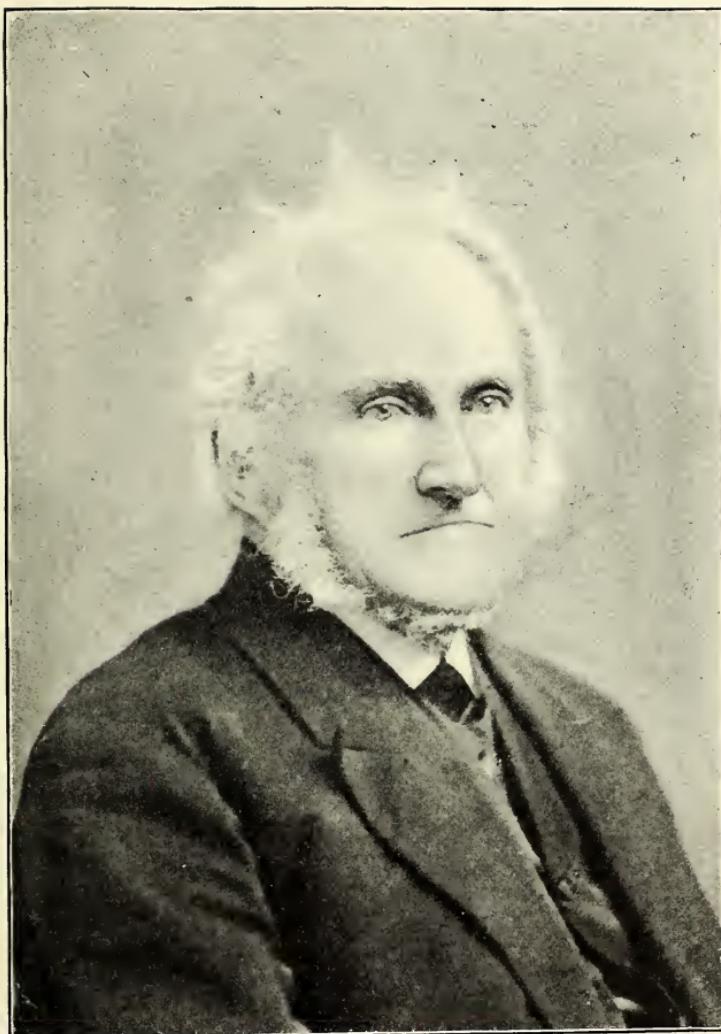
CORNELIUS COWING. A retired merchant, an intimate and staunch friend of each of the pastors, a man of leisure, interested in all good works, a true friend to those in need, one who would always denounce wrong wherever found, one who lived a cheerful, happy life.

He was an intense lover of Theodore Parker and E. B. Willson. He was one of the early abolitionists and lived to see his cause triumph. He was interested in the church, the schools, and for all the best interests of the town.

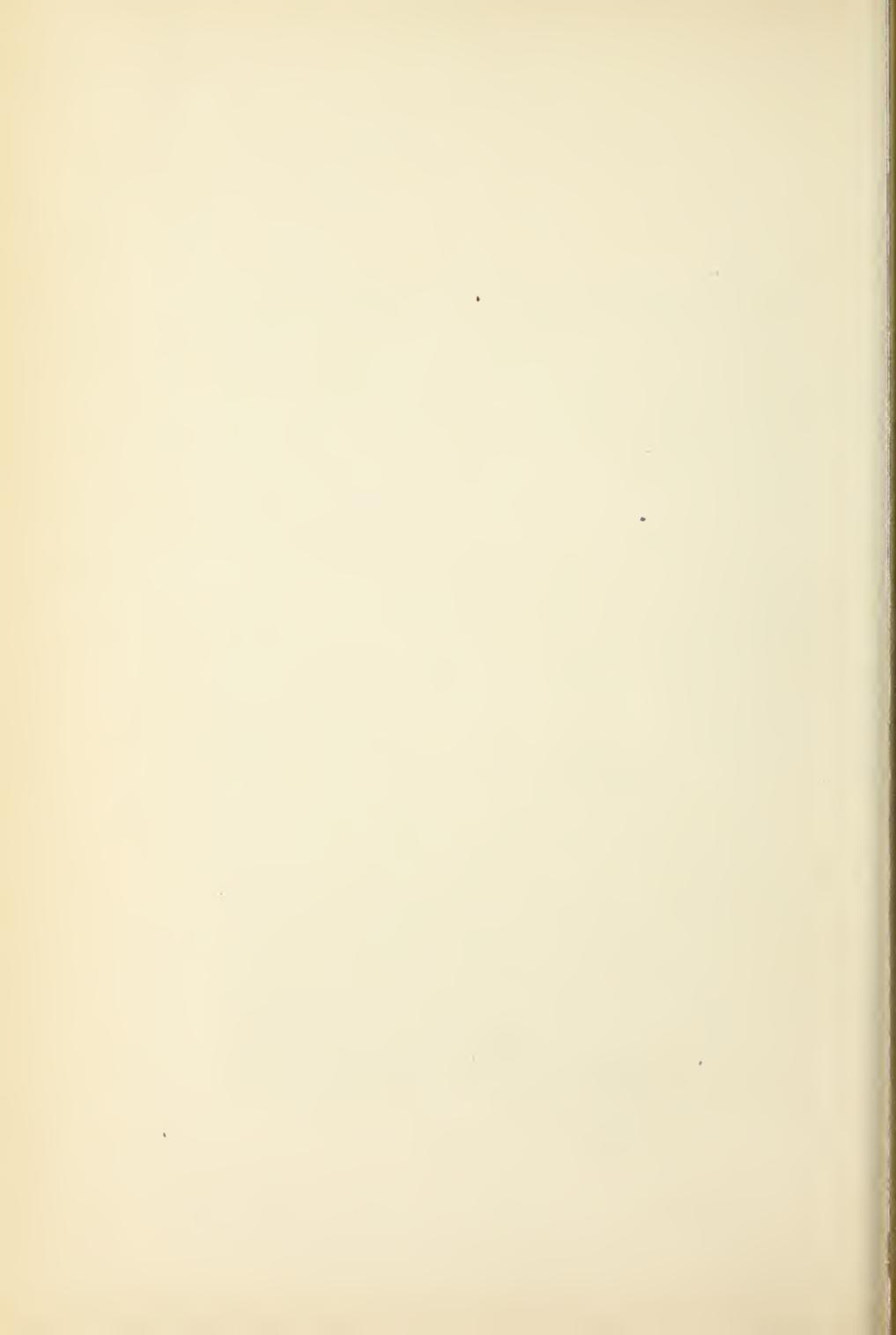
JUDSON CHAPIN was one of the reliable men of the parish and town. Of late years he had not been

a member of the parish; at the same time his most intimate associates were among the old church people. He was an admirer of all these worthy ministers and socially enjoyed much with them; was one of the selectmen and assessors of Roxbury for many years. Mr. Chapin was an old-fashioned gentleman of the strictest integrity. It used to be said of him by his associates in town affairs, that he could put more figures on to a sheet of paper than any man they ever knew. Although ever a busy man, he could spare time to go with a few of his neighbors and have a real jolly time, and many a one he has had with them, for Joe Billings would often hitch up his buck-skin tandem and with Mr. Chapin, Mr. Cowing and Theodore Parker, would drive to Squantum, have a clam chowder, a nice ride, and return home in good cheer.

JOHN DEXTER COLBURN. A walking encyclopedia, remembering people, places, and things that happened in his boyhood and all through his long life. He learned his trade of Benj. Billings, afterwards a partner in the business with him, after that engaged in the same business in Dedham; afterwards engaged in the meat business in Roxbury.



CORNELIUS COWING.



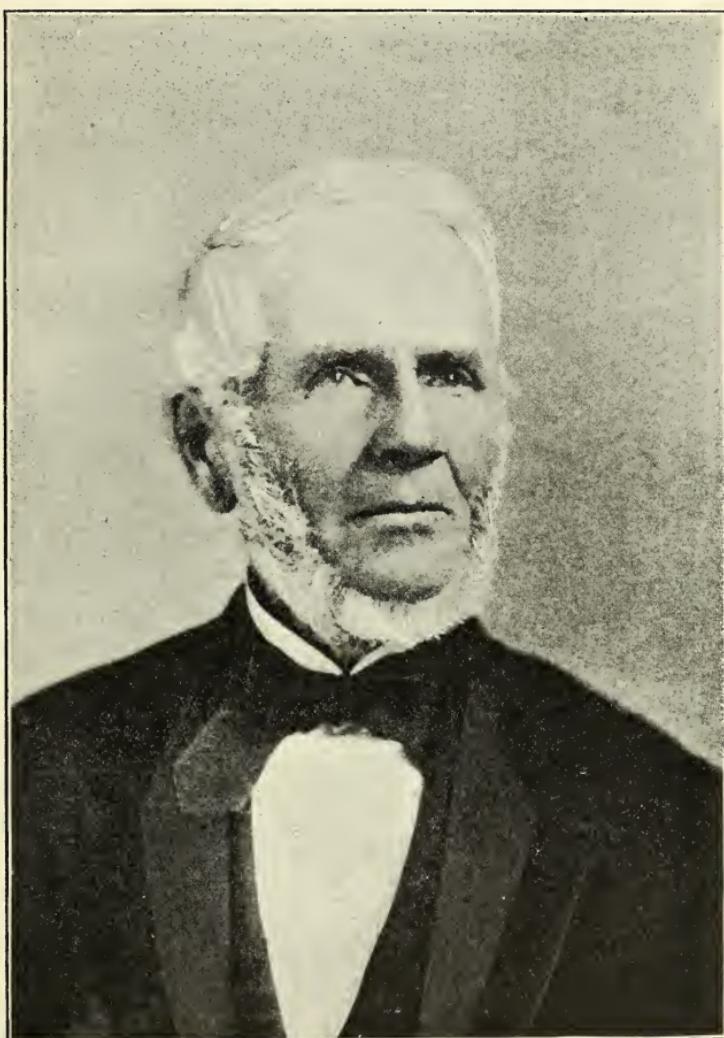
Here he and his estimable wife lived, honored and highly respected by all. They were interested in all good works, true friends of the parish, deeply interested in schools, and trained their children to become interested in all things that tended to elevate character.

EPHRAIM M. DUDLEY. A plain, old fashioned gentleman, a stickler for all the interests of the parish. Treasurer of it for forty-five years, town treasurer eighteen years, and collector twenty years.

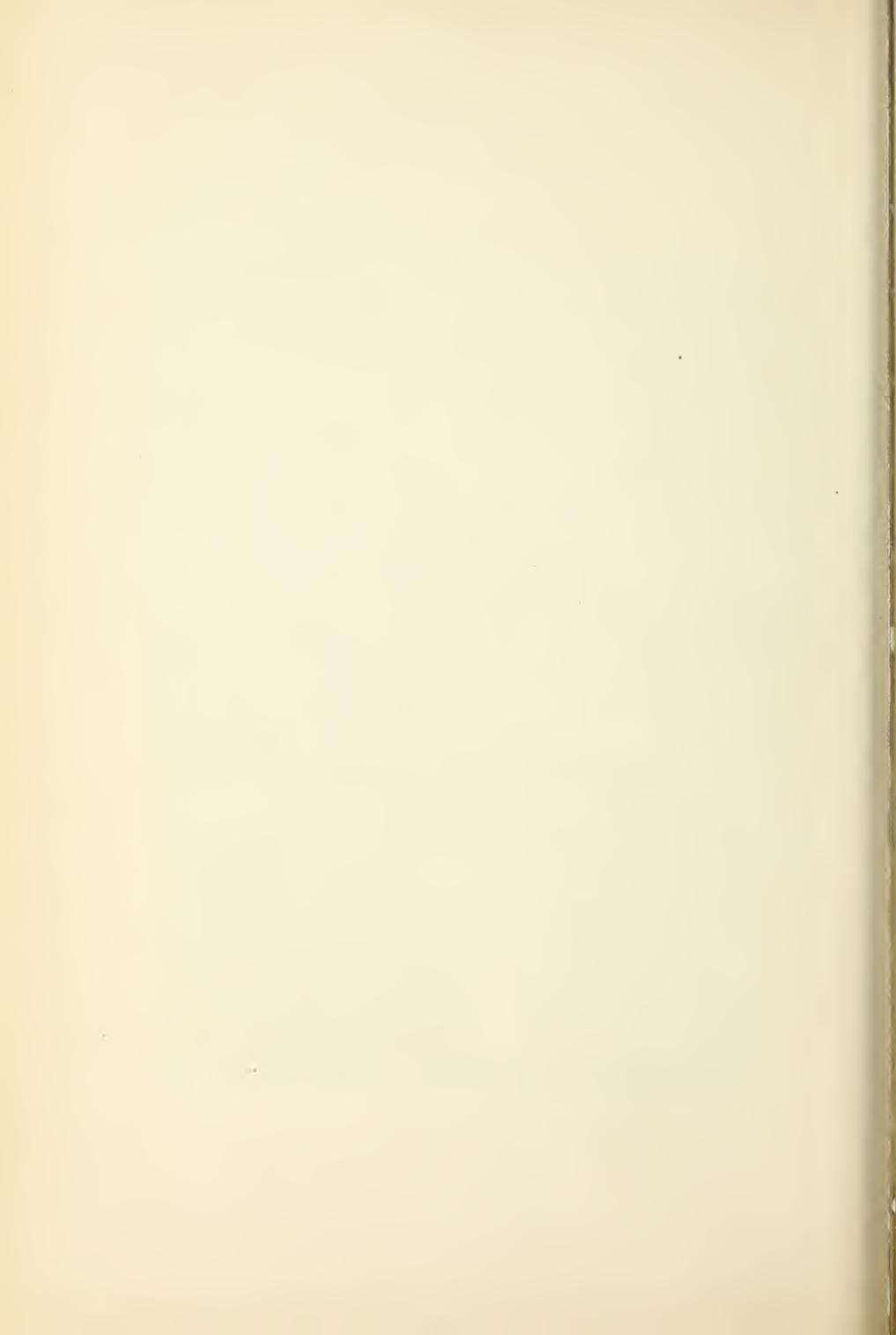
ABIJAH W. DRAPER, a life long resident, son of an old Roxbury physician. A man that took a lively interest in the parish, the schools, and all that tended to the best interests of the town—a kind, sympathetic friend in sickness, and true friend in need. He did not have much of his own to give but his purpose was always carried out by prompting those that had to do with. He was a happy medium between those that had and those that had not. In all charitable things he was a faithful worker. His handsome writing as parish clerk for many years is a monument to his memory.

CHARLES ELLIS. A Boston merchant, a gentleman of high order, and a good farmer. The writer well remembers the boggy lands and sand hills of Brook farm, that he brought together and made the most fertile grass fields. He sold his farm to the Brook farm association. He and his family were deeply interested in the parish, particularly in Mr. Parker's time. All would be at church every Sunday, both morning and afternoon. After Mr. Parker went to Boston, they followed him there mornings, and, as during the first year in Boston, he preached in Roxbury in the afternoon, they went again to hear him there. After their son Charles Mayo Ellis left college he asked Mr. Parker's advice in regard to studying law, whether it was an honest calling or not. The reply was, "As much so as any one, whatever a man's calling is depends upon what he makes it."

DEA. BENJAMIN FARRINGTON. An exceedingly quiet man, seldom spoke, never smiled. At the same time the writer once heard Theo. Parker say, "The Deacon is slow but it will always pay to wait until he speaks. He could be seen day after day, year in and year out, plodding along, his horse as moderate



JUDSON CHAPIN.



as himself, going to and from market. He was a good farmer. No man kept his fields and hedges neater, or land more productive. Constant at church on Sundays, a good listener, and good citizen. In all his long life, he preserved and wore the old-fashioned cue. It used to be said of him that he was so slow that a pair of Dea. Arnold's custom boots would last him seven years.

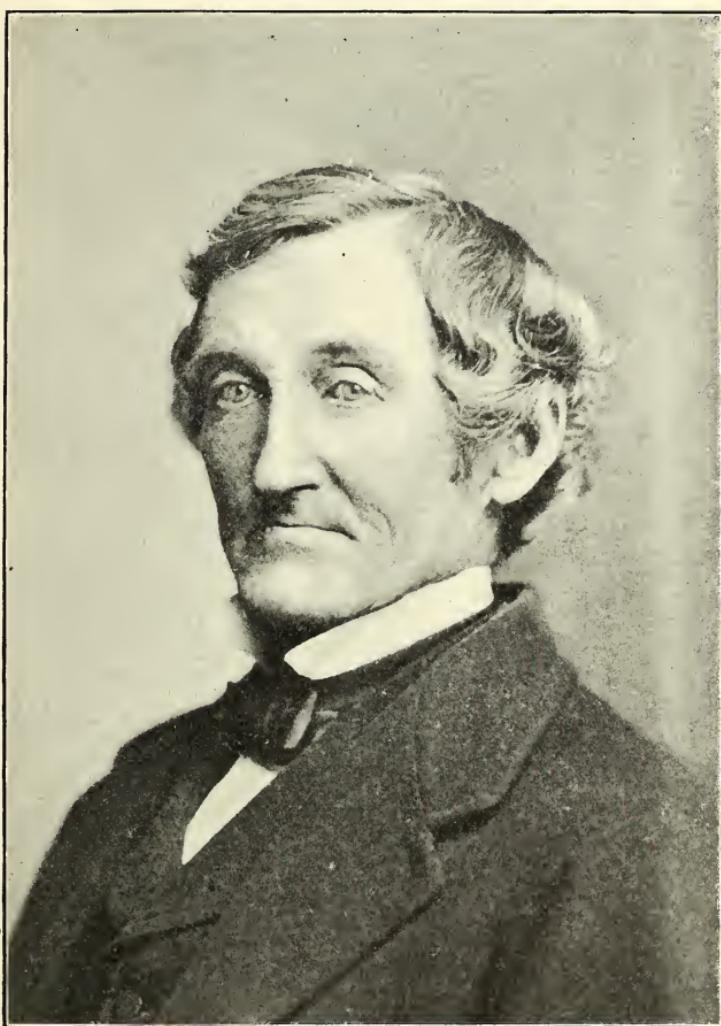
HENRY S. GREW. A retired Boston merchant, came here and built a residence on the highest hill in the eastern section of the parish, and took a lively interest in all parish matters. On Sundays he and his family were sure to be in their pew, eager listeners during Mr. Parker's and Mr. Clapp's ministries.

CHARLES A. HEWINS. A man of unbounded kindness in all interests for the good of the human race. An active Boston merchant, with an interesting family, extremely fond of his land, beautifying it with anything he could get to accomplish that end. Here he lived surrounded by his happy family, enjoying all about him and loved by all that knew him to the end of his life.

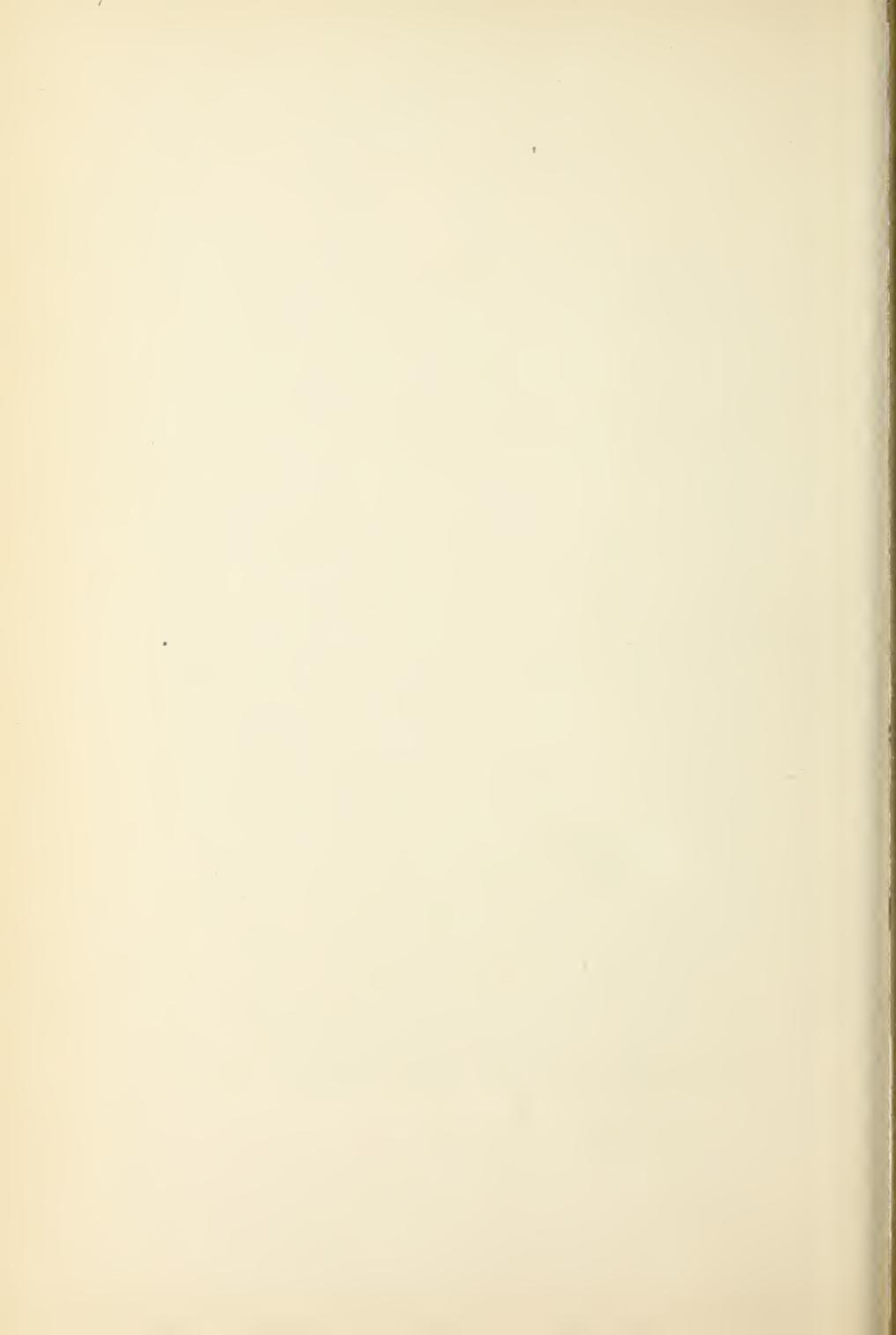
JOSEPH HAY. A Boston merchant, connected with

the Whitings by marriage; used to spend the summers here with his interesting family. They were all great lovers of Mr. Parker. Sundays the whole family could be seen wending their way down to the old church. They were near and intimate neighbors of the Parker's. They claimed great distinction because Mr. Parker called upon them first after his return from abroad the first time.

WILLIAM KEITH. A retired Boston merchant, the handsomest man in the parish. He was greatly interested in raising fruit and grass on his thirty acres of land surrounded by Centre, Willow, Weld and Corey streets, and was successful in the management of it. The gambrel-roofed house opposite the new church on Corey street was his home. When the parsonage was being talked over before building, Mr. Billings said to him, "Mr. Keith, what will you give towards building a parsonage?" The reply was, "I will give as much as Sam Bradford." Mr. Bradford was asked what he would give, the reply was one thousand dollars. Thus the parsonage was at once assured with two thousand dollars in money and three acres of land. Others contributed to carry the project right along. Mr. Keith was a



JOHN D. COLBURN.



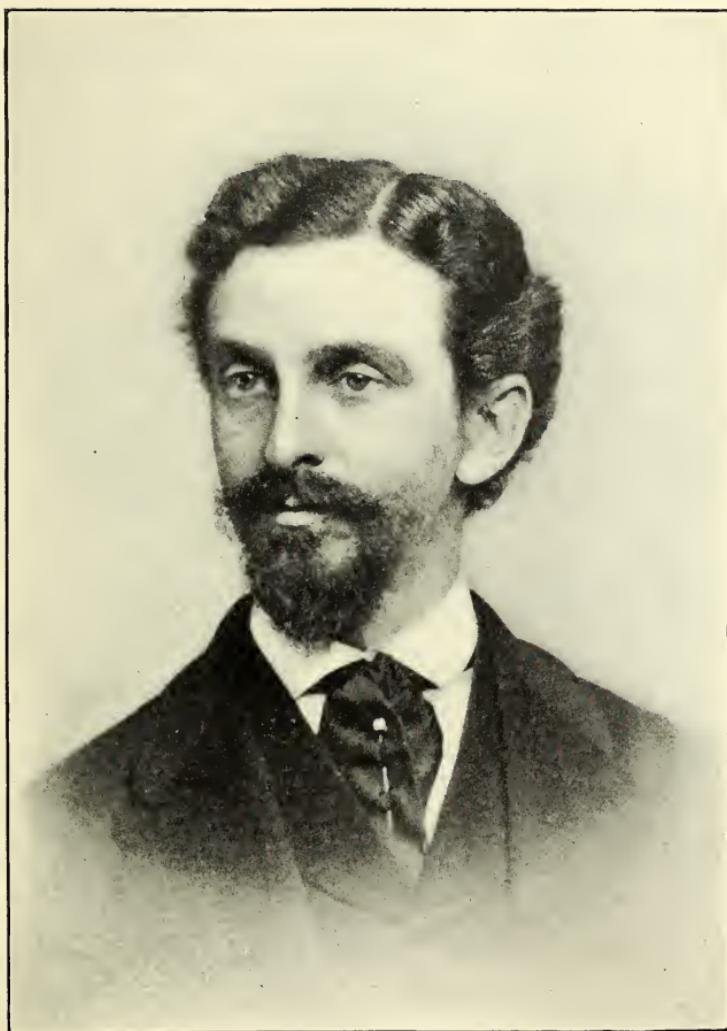
member of the Roxbury Board of Aldermen a number of years. He was a good friend of the parish. Sundays he and his family were sure to fill their pew in the church, and the town found him a willing worker in all its interests.

CHARLES H. LUNT. A busy man of affairs, but one who found time to take a deep interest in every good movement. He showed thoughtfulness for diffident young people, and those who were burdened with hardships were brightened by his kind manner and words of sympathy. He took great interest in children, and on social occasions was looked upon to be their leader. He took a deep interest also in the Sunday School and his quiet, sunny ways made him a great favorite with both old and young. Although so kind and gentle he was not the one to be trifled with, or to subject himself to imposition of any kind. He could claim for his ancestry the best among New England people. His short life was made pleasant by helping those in need. No case of want could come to his notice that would not at once enlist him in its cause. No one could do more than he for all the interests of the parish.

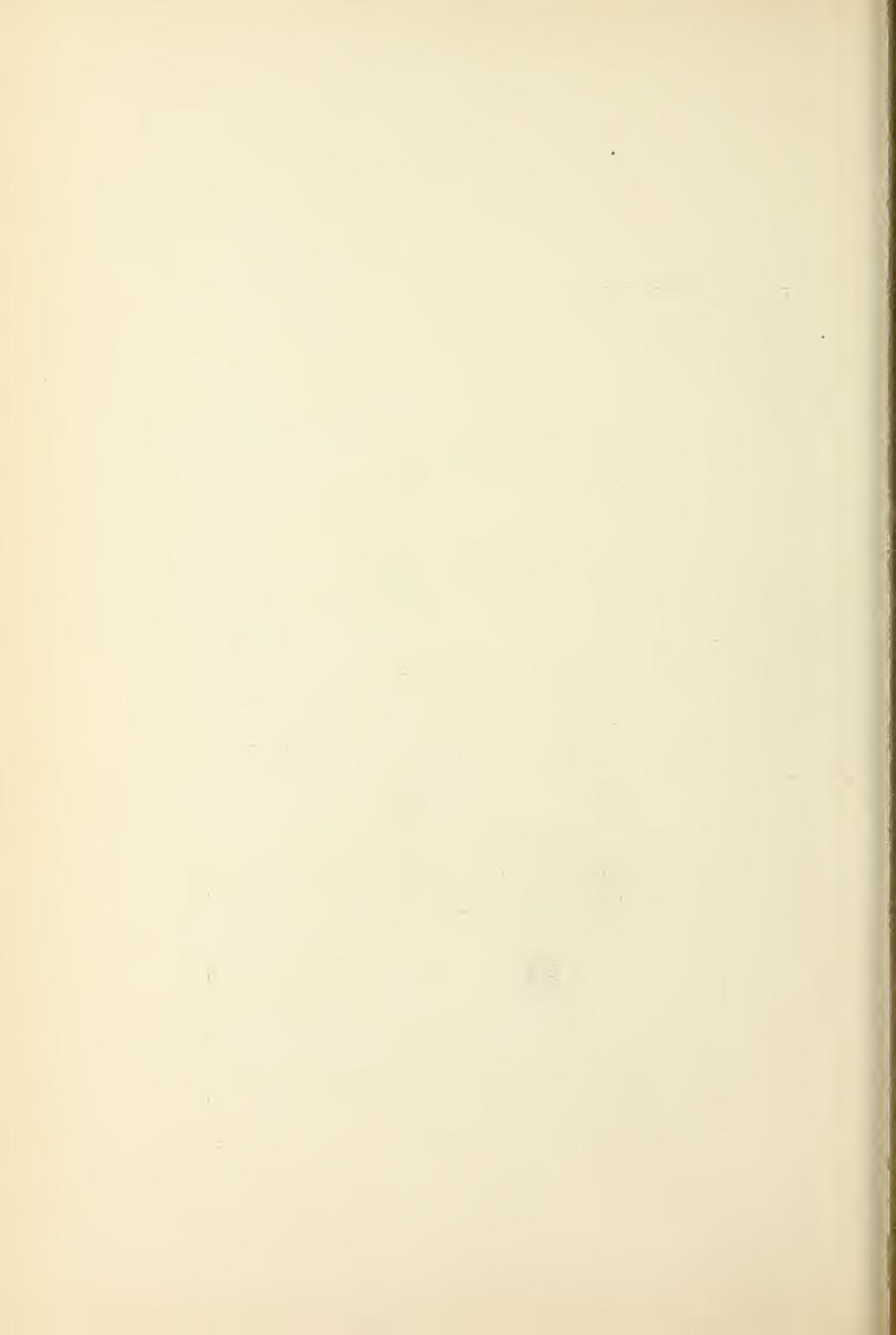
JOHN MAYO. Owner of the famous Brook farm before Mr. Ellis, and father of Mrs. Ellis and John Mayo, Jr. Mr. Ellis was a Boston merchant of the firm of Ellis and Mayo. Mr. Mayo was an old-fashioned farmer, also a butcher after the fashion of his time, going with his meats from house to house in his white top wagon. His two hundred acres of land, and running his meat wagon made him a busy man. The story used to be told of him that one morning he drove into Parson Bradford's yard, the parson came out as usual to look for something for his dinner, and Mr. Mayo was a noted horse-trader withall. Mr. Bradford said to him, "Mr. Mayo that is a good looking horse you have, I want to get a good, sound, safe one, what will you sell him for?" Mr. Mayo replied, "the horse is good enough for me, but if you want him Parson Bradford you may have him for one hundred dollars, and have all your own way about it, no honest man shall have a word to say."

WILLIAM MACKINTOSH. An enterprising farmer, closely identified in parish interests; in 1848 and '49, one of the Aldermen of the city of Roxbury.

JOHN S. MACKINTOSH. Connected with the wo



CHARLES H. LUNT.



business in Milton and West Roxbury. An active worker in parish affairs, a good friend of its ministers, clerk of the parish a number of years, an active, enterprising citizen.

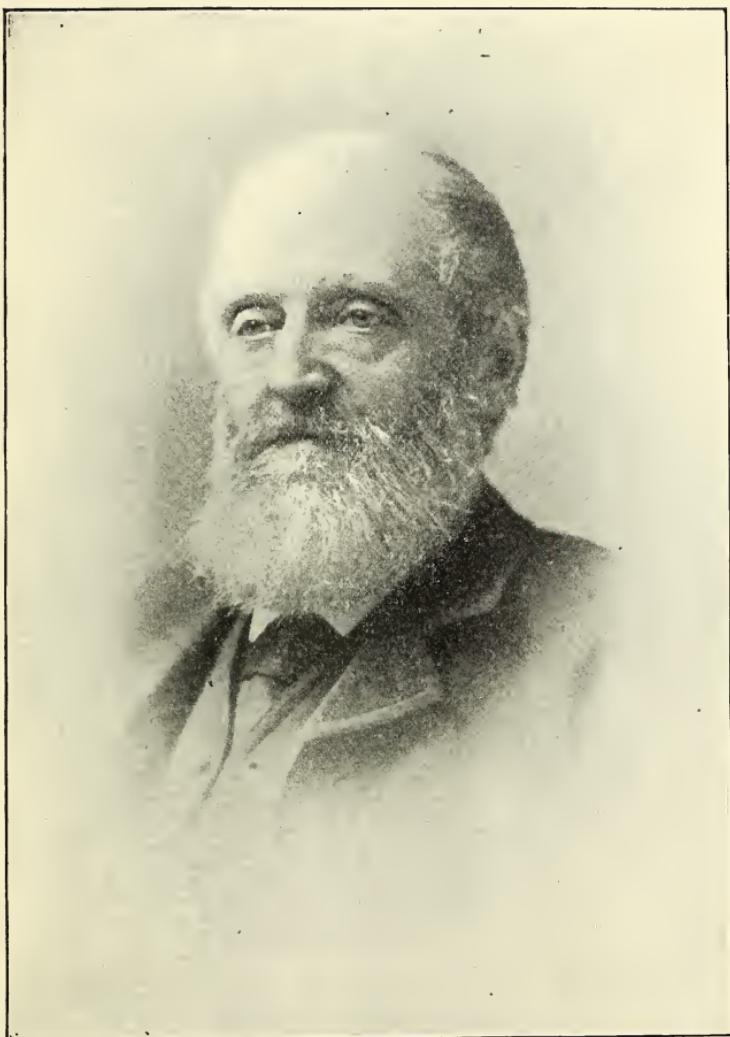
CHARLES G. MACKINTOSH. Interested in the wool business with the late Joseph H. Billings, early drafted into parish and town affairs, familiar with every nook and corner of the old town, its people and its interests, and the writer of this meagre account of the old parish and some of its people. Served two years in the City Council of Old Roxbury, succeeded Rev. E. B. Willson on the School Board, twelve years on Board of Selectmen, of West Roxbury.

CHARLES MORSE, one of the young men that used to walk from Boston of a Sunday morning to hear the good men preach in the old church. After he came here to live was an active worker in all things for the good of the parish, and whose seat was seldom vacant on Sundays. He and his family were always there to welcome whoever might conduct the services.

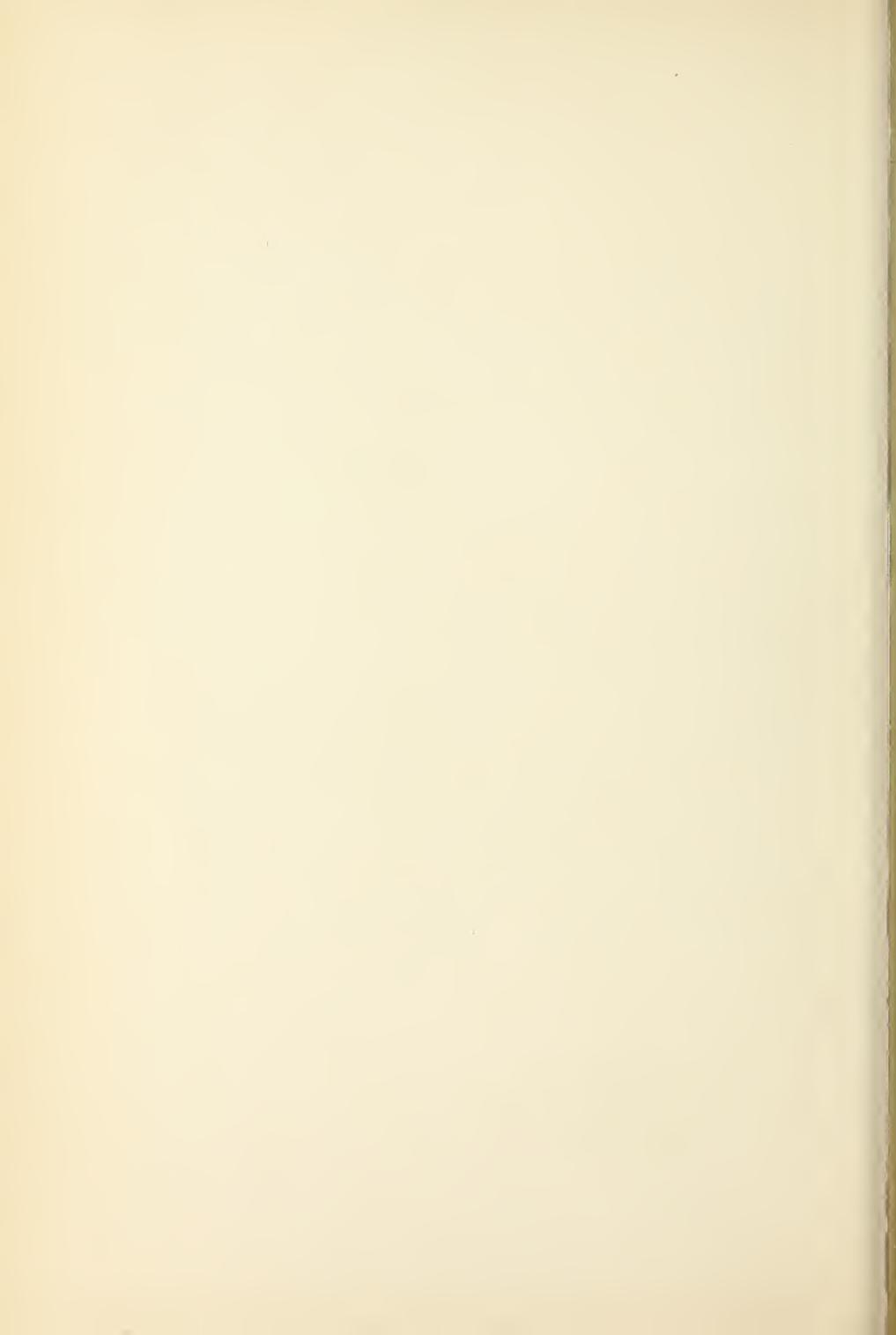
GEORGE G. NORTH. A man cheerful and happy

under all circumstances, an important factor of the old church. He sat as a boy to the old choir singing accompanied by the bass viol and clarinet. In 1838, in the second year of Mr. Parker's ministry, an organ was purchased, and Mr. North was invited to take charge of it, and he continued to play it, and take charge of the music for forty-three years. During all these years of a Sunday morning he would be seen tripping to church with his music under his arm, to faithfully perform his Sunday duty. For assistance in the choir he had such people as the Arnolds, Farringtons, Cheneys, Whittemores, Bowthorps, and good music was given to the satisfaction of the congregation. After he retired Charles Austin Mackintosh took charge of the singing for two years. At this time of writing Mr. North may be seen, sprightly and happy, going about like a boy at twenty, and is really eighty-two years old.

GEORGE R. RUSSELL. A retired merchant. A gentleman of the highest order, qualified to fill any position within the gift of his fellow citizens. A lover of his home, his lands, his horses, cattle and dogs. In his home life he was a plain agriculturist, neighborly, friendly to all, and a worthy example for



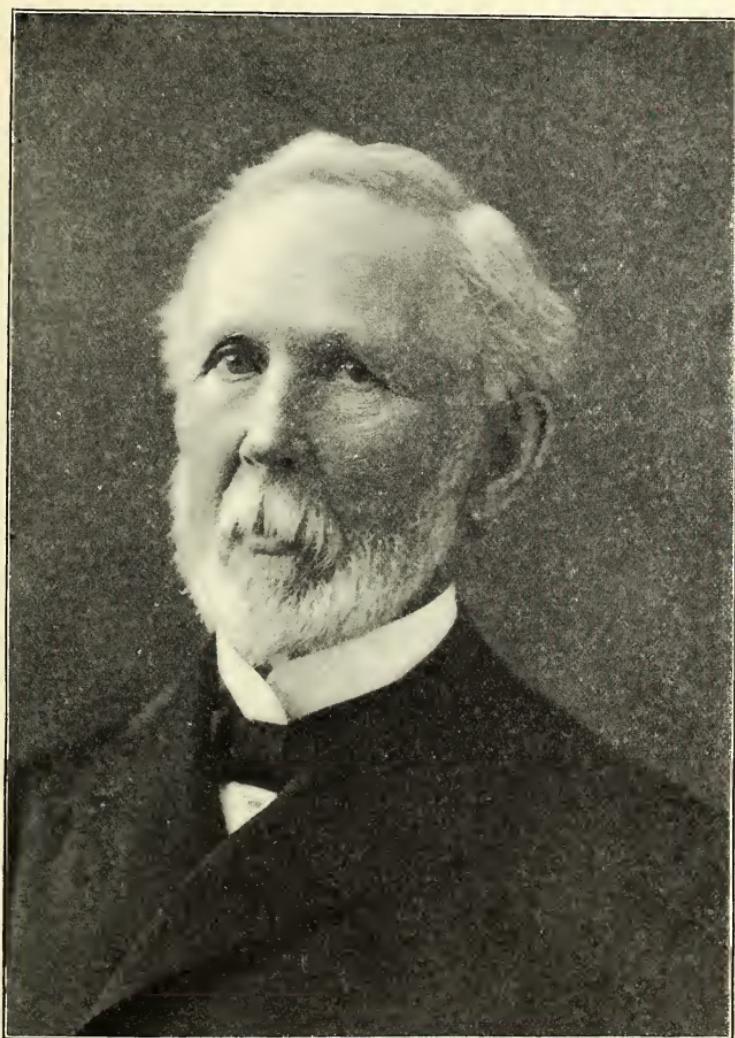
CHARLES A. HEWINS.



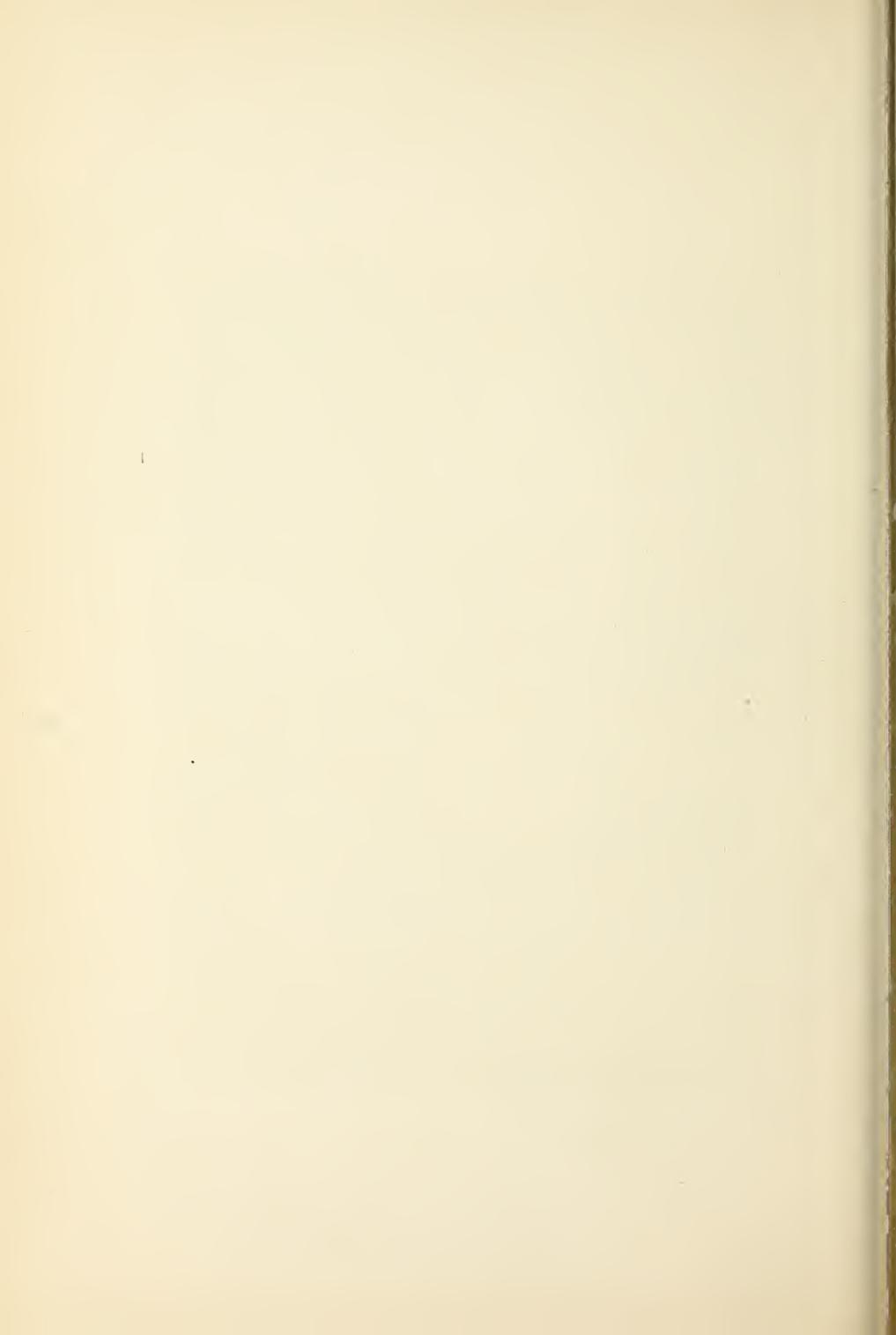
all. Here he and his estimable wife lived in simplicity and happiness, raised up their family of children, sent them to the public school and dressed them in the plainest and most comfortable manner so as not to excite envy among those in the humbler walks of life. They were both connected with the best of families, and lived worthy for all to imitate. They were fond of helping those in need, always approaching those they wished to help in the most gentle, kindly manner, fearing they might injure the feelings of the recipients. It seemed to delight them both when they could do a good turn to those less fortunate than themselves. To illustrate Mr. Russell's kindness in approaching an unfortunate person: The writer was present one day when he called upon a man who had a mischievous son, saying, "Mr. — I have not called to make any complaint to you, but thought you did not know that your son is in the habit of throwing stones at the children going to and from school, which is a very dangerous thing." He neither upbraided the father nor the son, but it was evident the thing must be stopped. None could despise meanness, hypocrisy, or ingratitude more than he. In winter Mr. Russell would buy wood at auction so as to give work to some poor

men to enable them to earn a little money. No case of want would reach him but that he would investigate through some of the neighbors, and if worthy, send assistance. One autumn there was a reported case of highway robbery on Shawmut avenue, in Muddy Pond woods: bullet holes through the wagon top and one through the man's hat, clothes torn and the man badly scratched—what did Mr. Russell do but to go and see the man and talk with him—he came home feeling sure that the man was his own robber, as it proved to be. They were devoted friends of the parish, present at church with their family on Sundays, and interested and devoted friends to the ministers.

FRANCIS G. SHAW came here from Boston from one of the oldest and most highly respected families, built a fine house for the time in a woody pasture, and beautified it with avenues, gardens, and lawns; although bred to a life of leisure he was one of the busiest men in the town, intensely interested in all living things, he only wanted to know what needed doing and it was done promptly. I can see the good man now, astride his beautiful blooded bay, with his blue frock on riding through the streets al-



CHARLES G. MACKINTOSH.



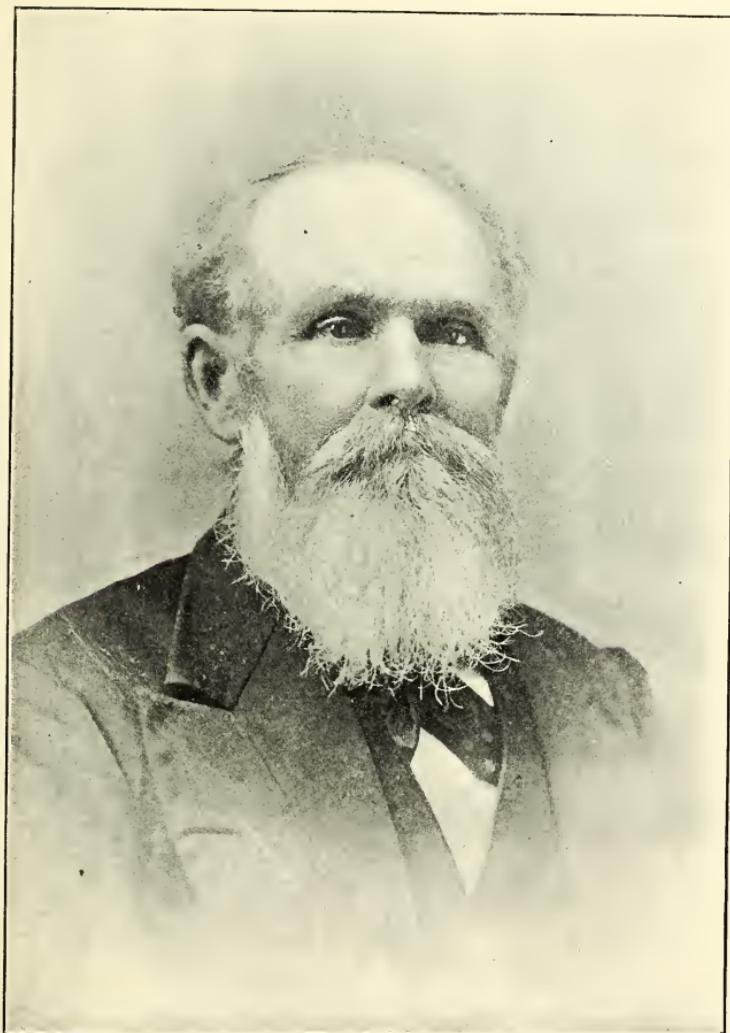
most every morning to the stores and post office, and chatting with anyone that had anything interesting to say and to some that had not. His presence was like the sun after a summer shower. With these charming surroundings little Robert G. Shaw spent his early boyhood, trudging about the streets and to school, and he afterwards became the Col. Shaw leading his black regiment in battle. A monument to his memory stands on Boston common opposite the State House.

JAMES REED. A retired merchant, a quiet old school gentleman, interested in all that made a good citizen, fond of his land and his horses, and his hobby was a deer park. He built the cotton factory at East Dedham which originated the name of Readville and which now includes all of the old low plain section of Dedham.

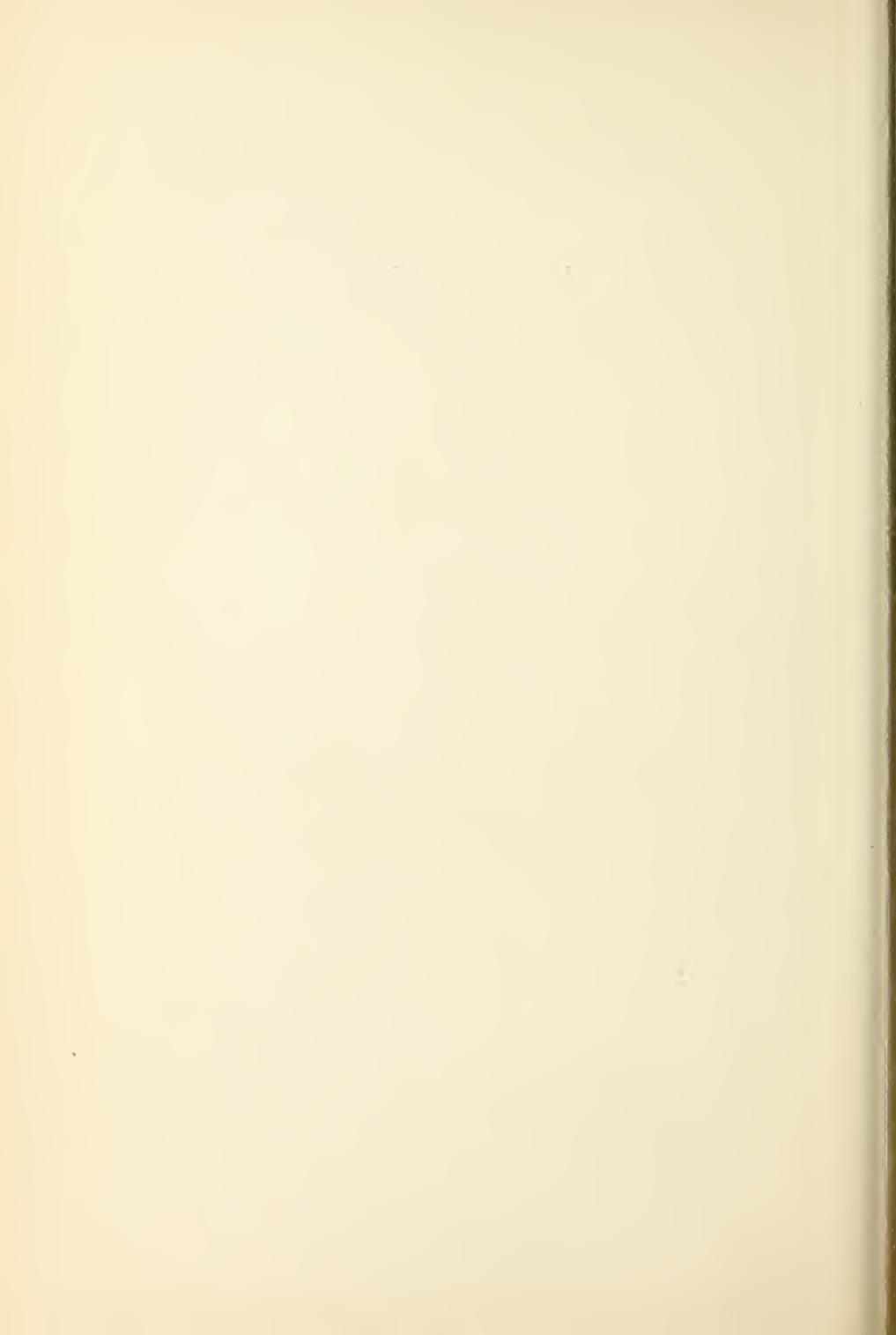
REED TAFT. A genial, old-fashioned tavern-keeper, who was famous for getting up bird suppers, particularly in sleighing time. He and his wife and family filled their pew on Sundays in Mr. Parker's time, and did their part in the interests of the parish, although it used to be said that his tavern was a curse

in the neighborhood. When the Washingtonian craze was at its height in 1845 some of the leading people in the cause thought it would be well to hold a meeting in Taft's Hall, providing they could obtain it. Mr. Frank Shaw and Mr. Cowing asked the old gentleman for the privilege and he very politely assented. A rousing meeting was held, some good reform talks were enjoyed, and good cheer prevailed generally. After the speaking the pledge was produced, many signed it, among them being both Mr. and Mrs. Taft, which gave great rejoicing, at the same time the old tavern continued as a standing curse for many years after. Mr. Taft had two sons, both became famous hotel keepers in Boston and vicinity. Charles established what is now Young's Hotel, and died young; Augustus established the Point Shirley house, famous for bird and fish dinners.

WILLIAM J. TAYLOR, a gentleman of leisure, a brother of Mrs. S. D. Bradford; generous, and hospitable, a perfect angel of mercy among the poor, the sick, and the afflicted. It was his life to go from the Bradfords, and carry comfort to those in need.



GEORGE G. NORTH.



CHARLES SAMPSON, JEREMIAH PRITCHARD AND JOHN A. EMMONS, all Boston merchants and sterling men, came here and took part in all the interests of the parish and town, and with their friends enjoyed their gardens, their horses, and their cattle. They were all willing helpers for any good cause, and many a one received from their abundance without knowing the giver.

HENRY W. WELLINGTON. A Boston merchant, a quiet, unostentatious gentleman, always in place when good deeds were to be performed, not only a friend of all mankind, but a great friend of beautiful cattle, which he had and took great pleasure in. His wife, Miss Lydia D. Colburn, was one of the most estimable young ladies of the parish, and no good work was performed but had her sympathy and help.

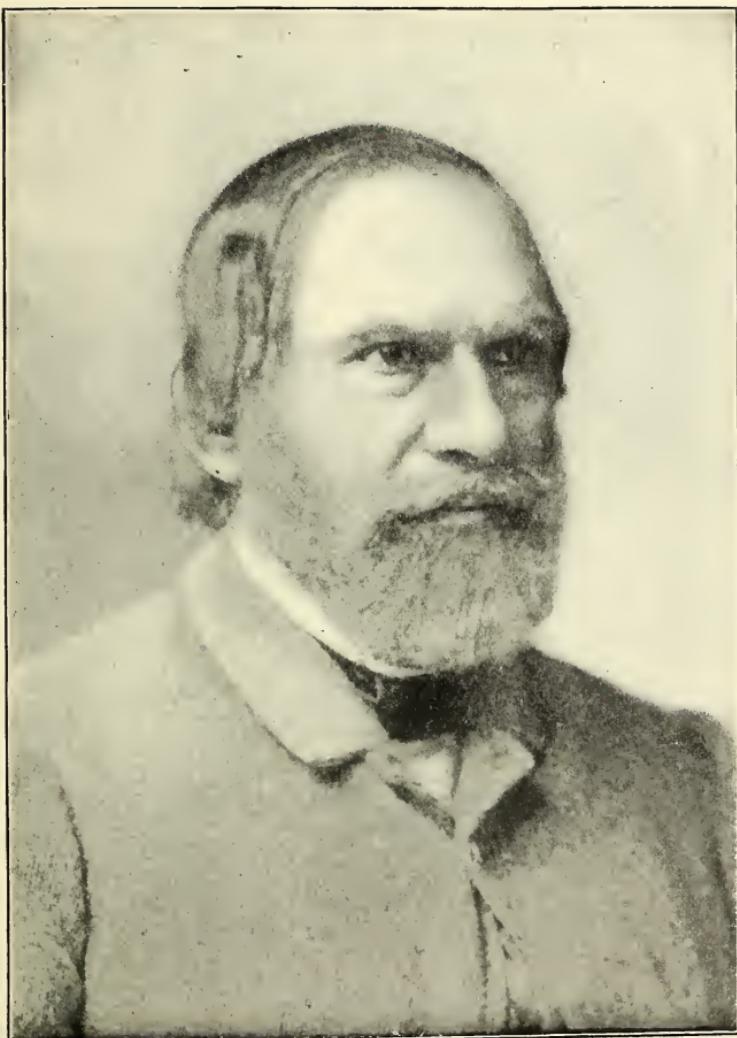
Theodore Parker, and Henry W. Wellington were school boys together in East Lexington. Both came upon the stage of life, and spent their busy and useful lives in and near Boston, and their love for each other as boys never waned through all the experience of the cares and anxieties of their active work. Mr. Wellington was also one of the

standing committee of Mr. Parker's society during his career in Boston.

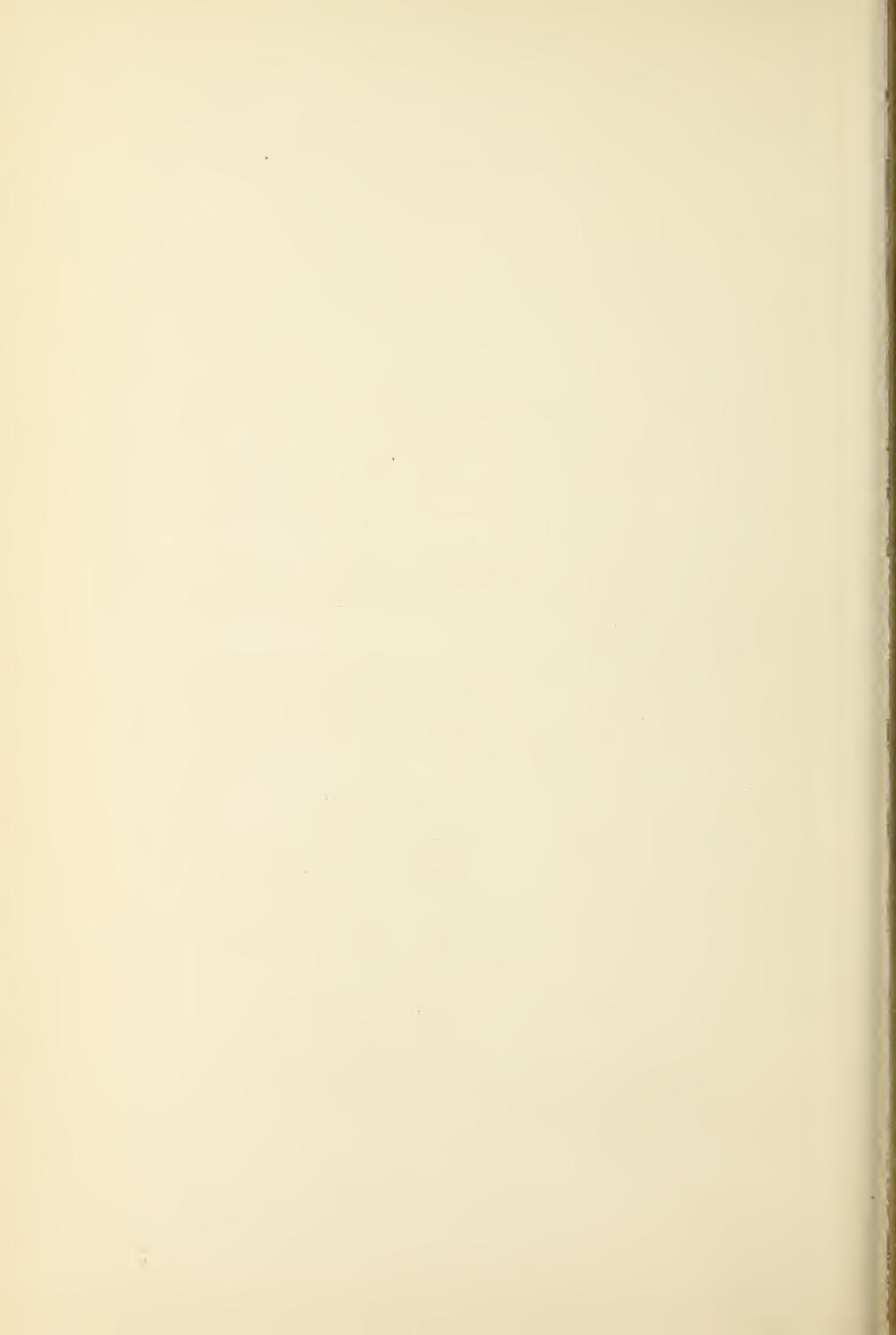
DEACON AARON D. WELD. A retired Boston merchant, a courteous gentlemen of the old Washingtonian school, deeply interested in parish matters, a staunch friend of his ministers, first and foremost in all good works in his day. Owner of a large landed estate, the famous Weld farm, which was stocked with fine horses, oxen and cows, there he lived in luxury the last days of his life, loved and respected by all.

AARON D. WELD, Jr. A retired merchant, succeeded his father on the famous Weld farm, exceedingly fond of his fine grass lands, horses, oxen, and cows. One of the most genial, sunny men when matters were to his liking, but woe unto those who encountered his wrath.

MICHAEL WHITTEMORE, and his descendants, Capt. John, John A., Andrew, Henry, Miss Georgianna and J. W. Chennery, each and all were natural singers, and used to do the singing of the hymns for many years, all of them were fine singers



GEORGE R. RUSSELL.



in their time, and their descendants have the same gift handed down to them. This family has always been a great help to the parish in all its interests as well as by their help in singing.

The following list of people all claimed the old church as their home, and many of them were constant attendants, and identified with all its interests.

MR. HIBBARD and family were among the church's most faithful attendants and workers in every good cause.

MR. THOMAS WESTCOTT and family were sure to be in their pew on Sundays, and always ready to help when called upon.

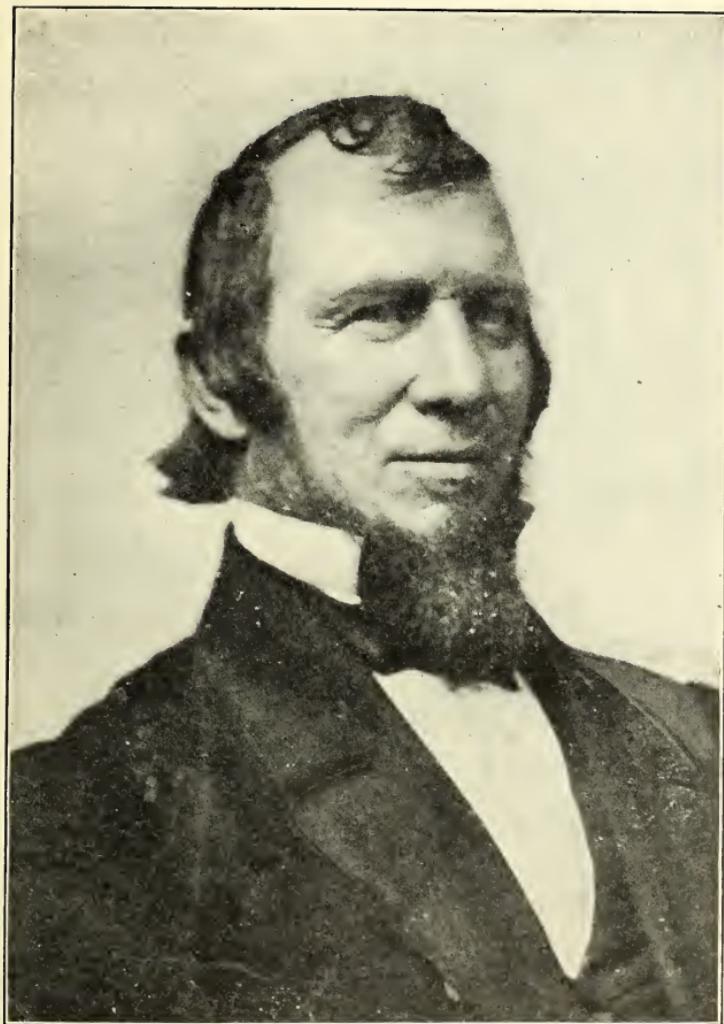
Mason Basto,	Henry Dudley,
John Chamberlain,	Lemuel Richards,
George Lindall,	Ebenezer Whiting,
William Whitney,	Tucker Whiting,
Theodore B. Moses,	Capt. Davis, a retired sea captain,
James Wiggin,	Capt. Amasa Gay,
George W. Mann,	Otis Gay,
Abner Guild,	William Mayo,
George Morse,	James Barnard,
Eben W. Whittemore,	Mr. Baker of Brookline,
Samuel Whittemore,	

Joseph Williams,	Mr. Smith,
Jacob Seaver's family,	Stephen Palmer,
William P. Atkinson,	Capt. Griggs,
Stephen Cabot,	Brook Farm Delegates,
Jacob Tidd,	B. D. Lyon,
J. W. Balch,	John Ayers,
Henry Hallett,	William Enslin,
The Winchester family,	B. W. Worley,
Thomas G. Whytal,	James Hunt,
Joseph Harper,	Harrison Hunt,
Alonzo Spear,	J. W. Wilcox,
Daniel Childs,	Hiram Thayer,
Mr. Sanborn,	Benjamin Guild,
Leonard Newton,	John S. Adams,
Alvin Newton,	H. S. Greene,
Eben Dudley,	Mr. Leeds,

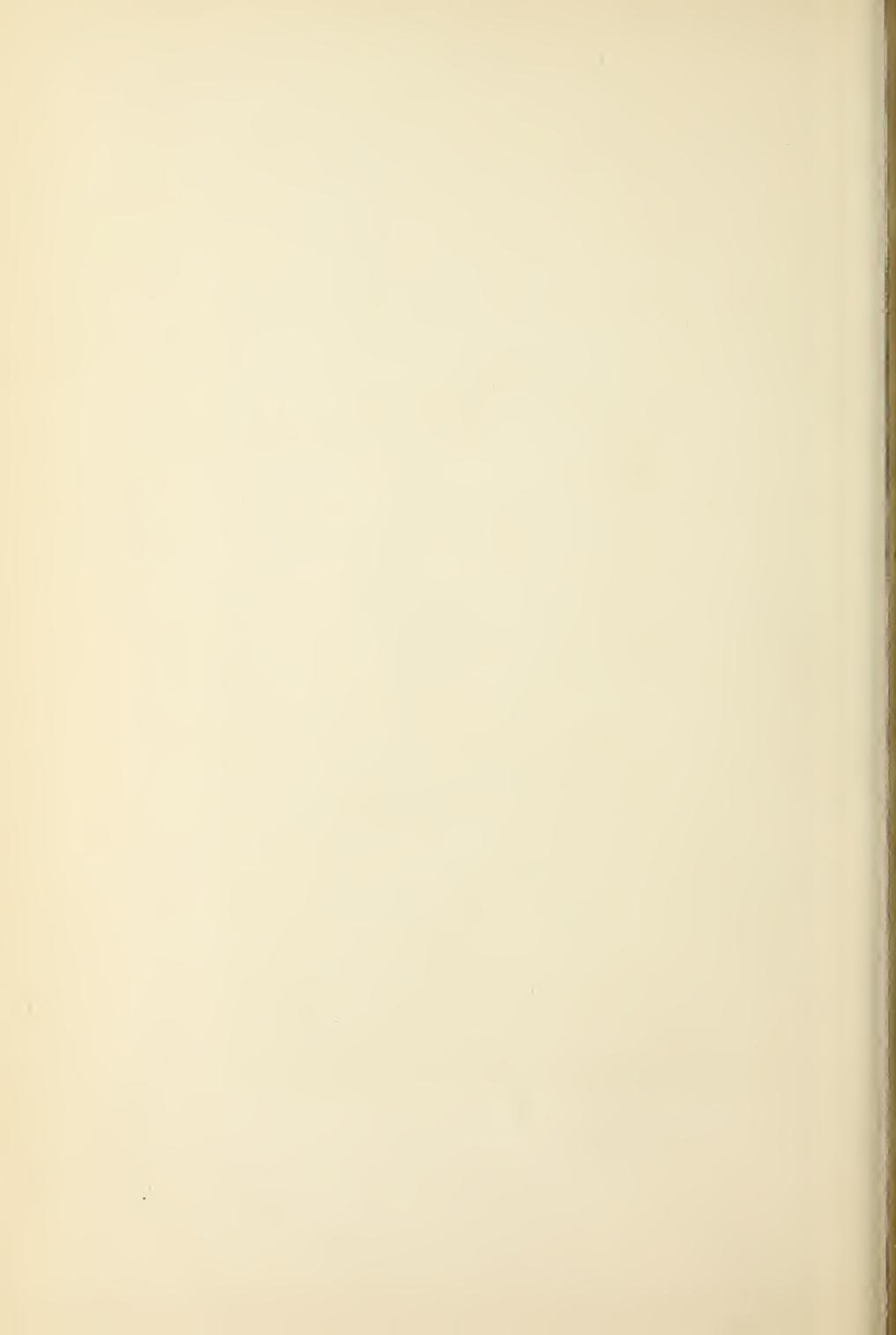


Miscellaneous.

GEORGE B. HYDE. Teacher in the school house by the church, he afterwards became one of Boston's most popular masters.



DR. ABIJAH WELD DRAPER.



WILLIAM F. BASTO succeeded Mr. Hyde, afterwards becoming an eminent physician in Roxbury and Boston.

CHARLES L. FLINT succeeded Mr. Basto and afterwards became secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture.

GEORGE A. SAWYER succeeded Mr. Flint, he afterwards established the G. A. Sawyer commercial school in Boston.

MR. THOMAS METCALF, who succeeded Mr. Sawyer, was one of the most faithful parish workers. He and his family were a great help in carrying on the singing. Mr. Metcalf proved to be an educator of high rank and afterwards became a professor in a western college.

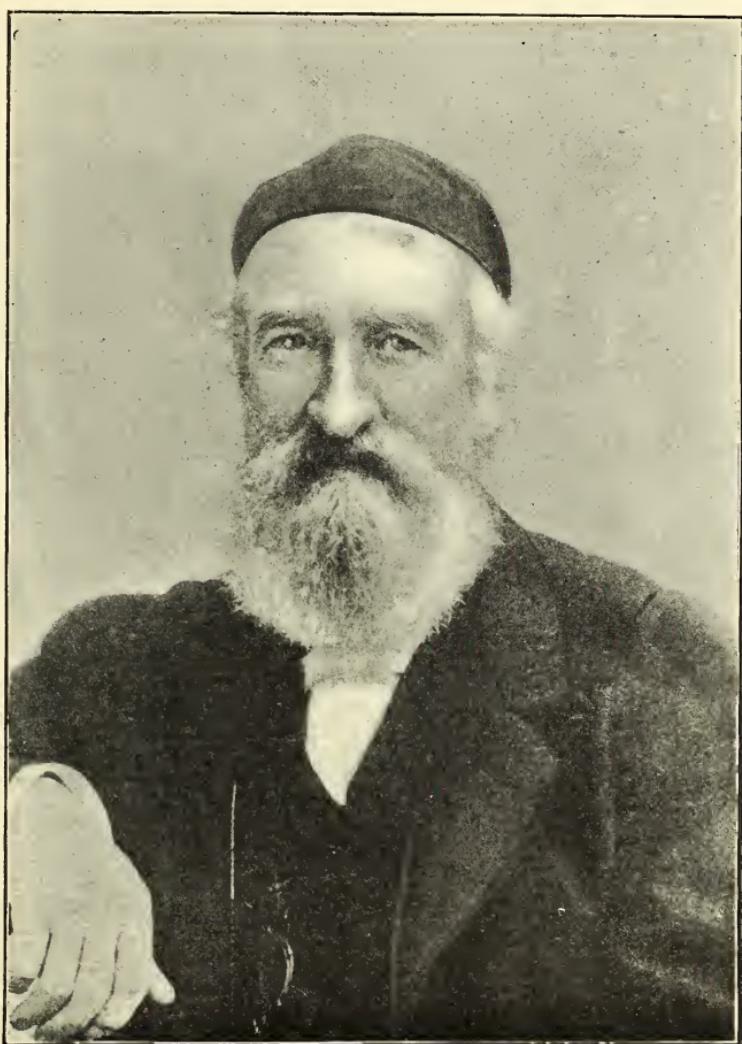
All of these teachers were constant attendants of the old church during their stay.

I have written of the schoolmasters and I cannot refrain from writing the names of some of the faithful lady teachers of that time, or of the latter part of it, such as Miss Sarah E. Colburn, Miss Mary B. Willson, Miss Mary D. Wallace, Miss Josephine Hewins, Miss Ann Harper and Miss Richards. Some of them are now here, but most of them have gone to their final rest.

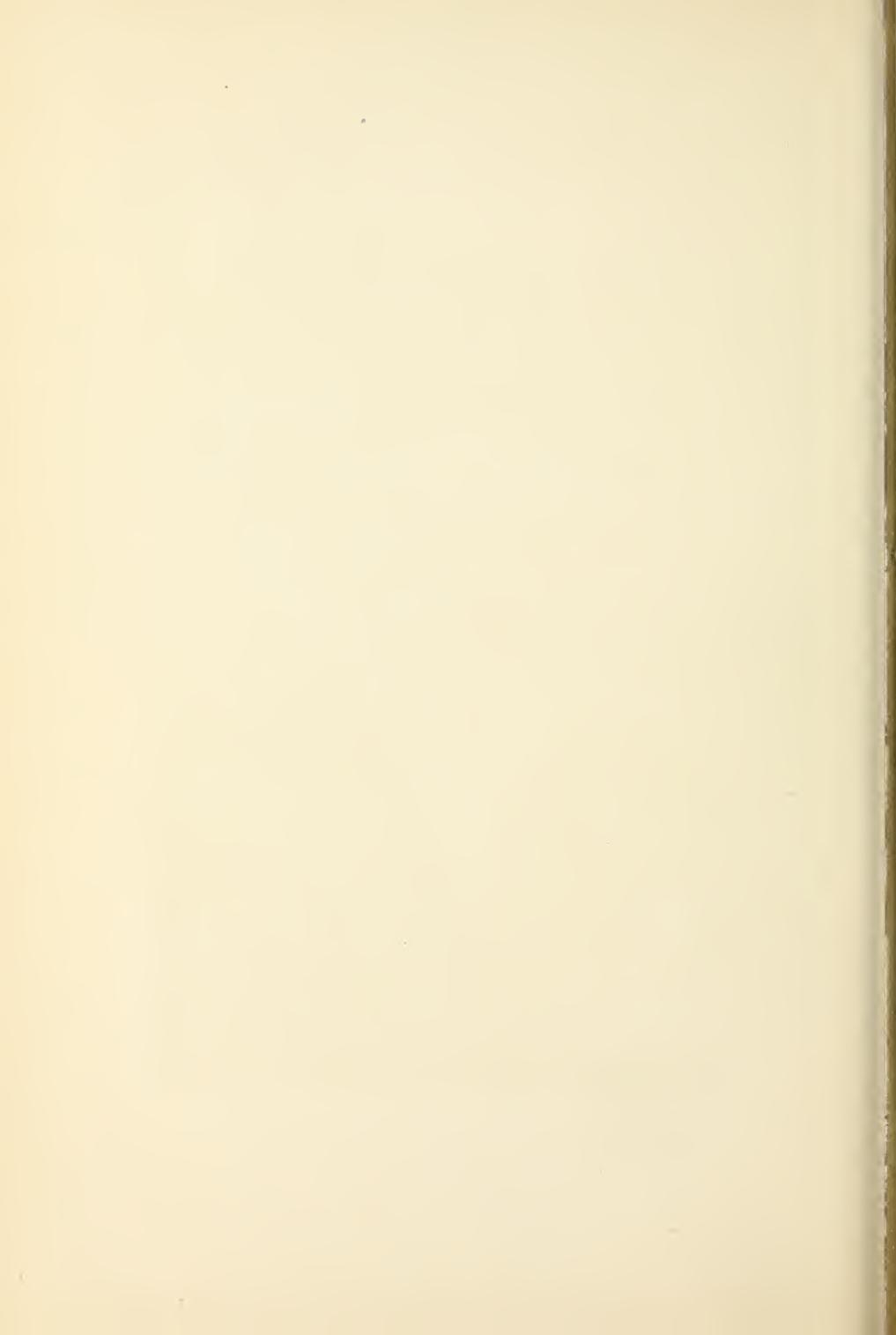
The writer would like to mention the many worthy ladies that belonged in the families represented here. They were many and among them were those of the highest order of character, but space forbids giving any adequate account of them and their many virtues, and the writer feels hardly equal to the task. From many of these families, sterling boys and girls have gone out into the world, filling places of trust and acquitting themselves well worthy of their ancestry. Some of the most brilliant have been taken away in their early manhood, and have left memories that will be cherished long after them. In thinking over the people, the writer has confined himself to those who were strictly connected with the old Unitarian church, but no one knows better than he of the many generous, noble men and women connected with the other churches.

In writing of the ministers I have refrained from any pulpit comments, and have simply recorded some of their sayings and doings as they went about in their daily life among the people. I have spoken of many of their virtues, if there have been any wrongs let them be buried in oblivion.

In closing the writer wishes to express his thanks



FRANCIS G. SHAW.



to those who have so kindly loaned photographs to enable him to reproduce in these pages the kindly faces of so many of our old friends.

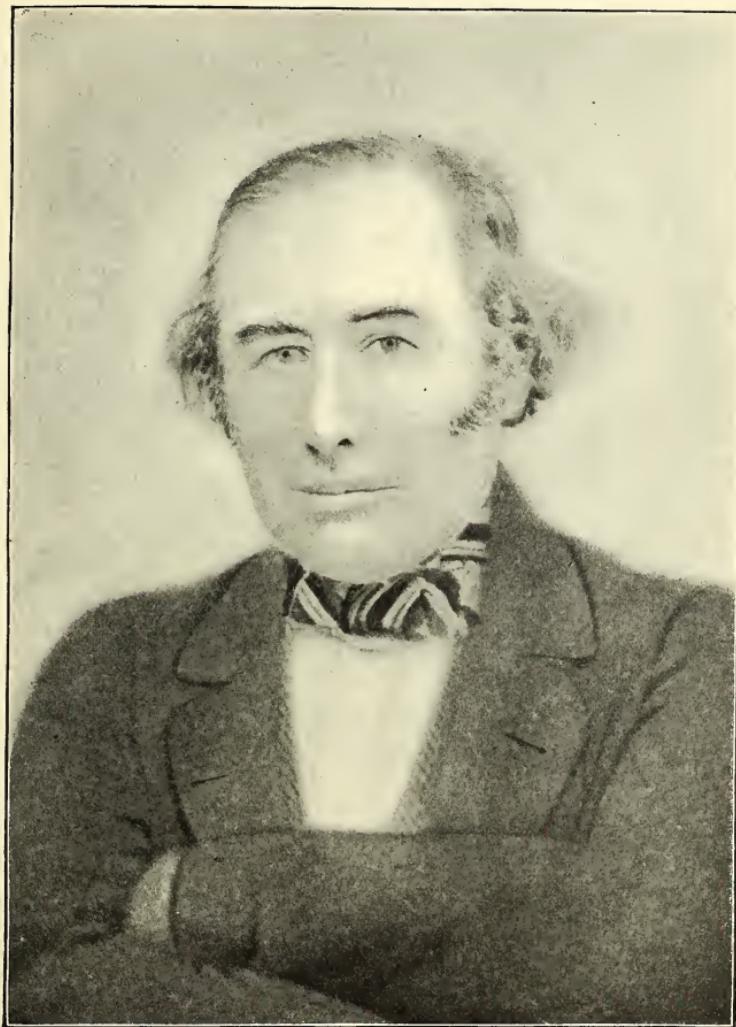


The Old Stage Road.

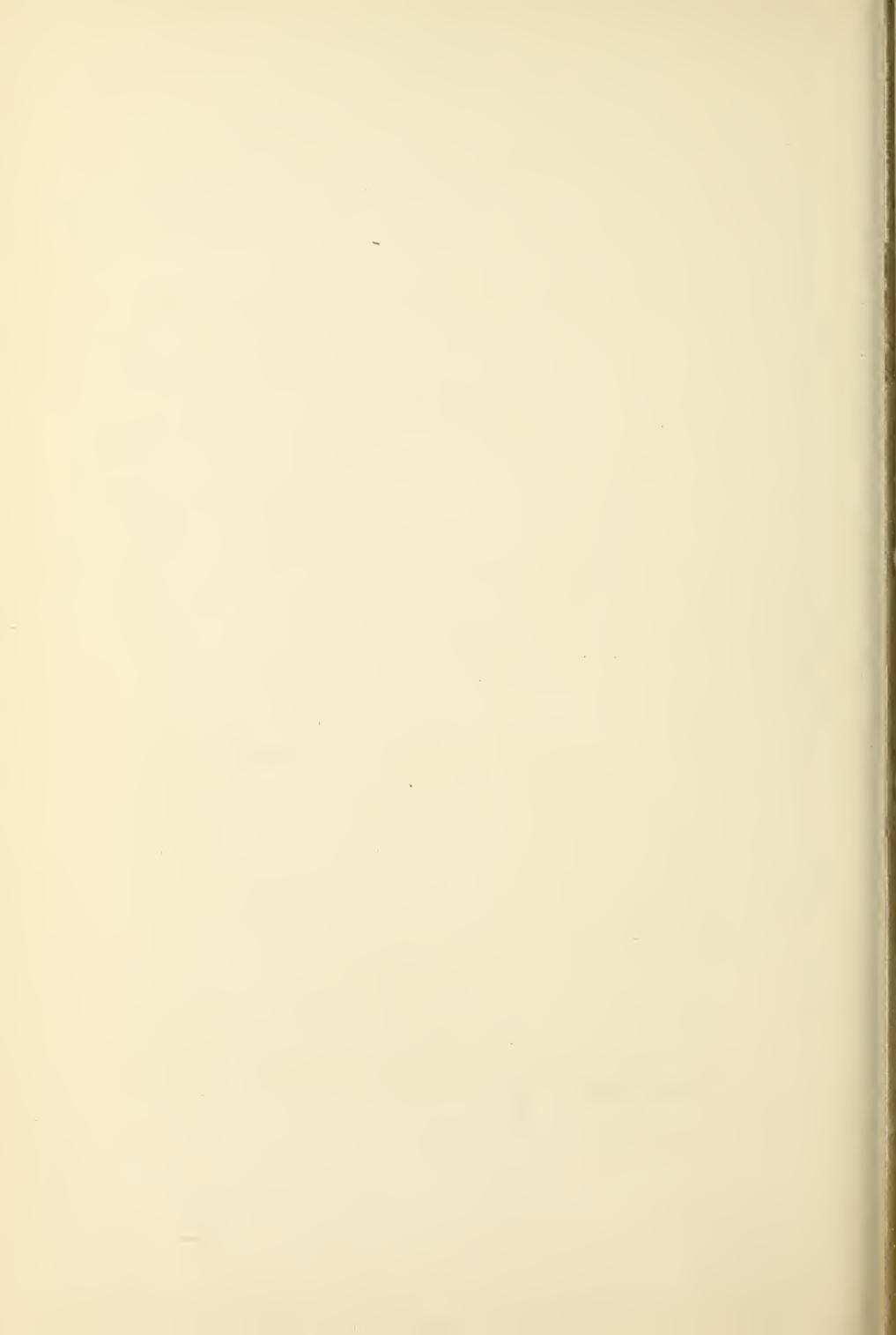
It may be interesting to the reader to trace the old road from Roxbury Hill, Elliot sq., to Dedham Memorial Hall, what might properly be called the old stage road, also a few of the land marks of seventy-five years ago, some continuing in existence at the present time.

Commencing at the First Church, Roxbury (Elliot), we proceed towards Dedham and at Hog Bridge we pass an old lean-to house for many years owned and occupied by the late Isaac Wyman, a successful market gardener; continuing up the hill on to Jamaica Plain, we come to the Capt. Joseph Curtis' house, very old, on the right, standing on the east corner of a forty acre farm extending from Centre street back to Jamaica Pond. This farm has been carried on by three generations of Curtises who

stood among the best citizens of Roxbury, and was ranked as one of the best early garden farms about Boston; continuing on to the right of the present Soldiers' Monument, a short distance, we come to the Gov. Hancock house, on the right a few rods farther on, on the same side is the old May house; bear to the left, continue up and over the hill, and in the valley back of the Bussey estate is another very old house; going on up the Walter street hill we come to the Newton road, now called Weld street, on the right; on the left once stood the old 2nd Church, with the ancient burying ground in the rear; continuing on down the hill we come to another old lean-to house owned by the late Abijah Seaverns, and on the left the old house occupied by Rev. Nehemiah Walter when he was minister of the 2nd Church. A little farther on the right was another lean-to house, occupied many years by the Dudleys; passing on, on the right we come to the venerable house owned and occupied by Rev. John Bradford, and until recently owned by his descendants; continuing on we soon come to the new 2nd Church (now the old), on the right with the school house beside it. Church street was afterwards laid out between them to Weld street. The house now standing opposite



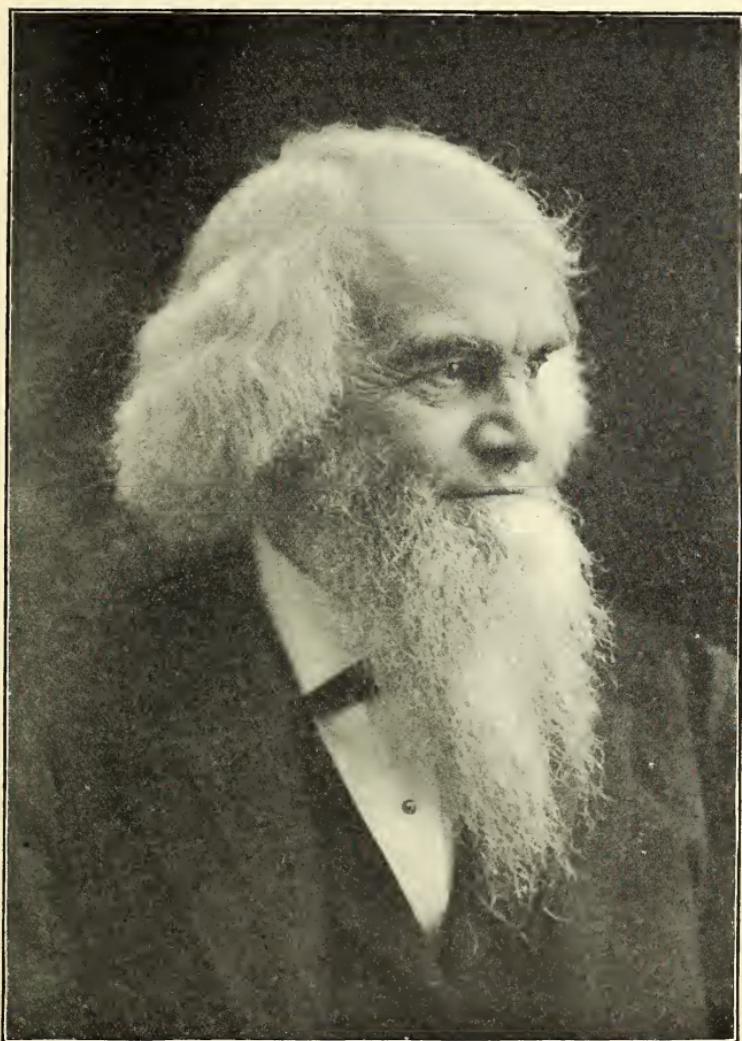
WILLIAM J. TAYLOR.



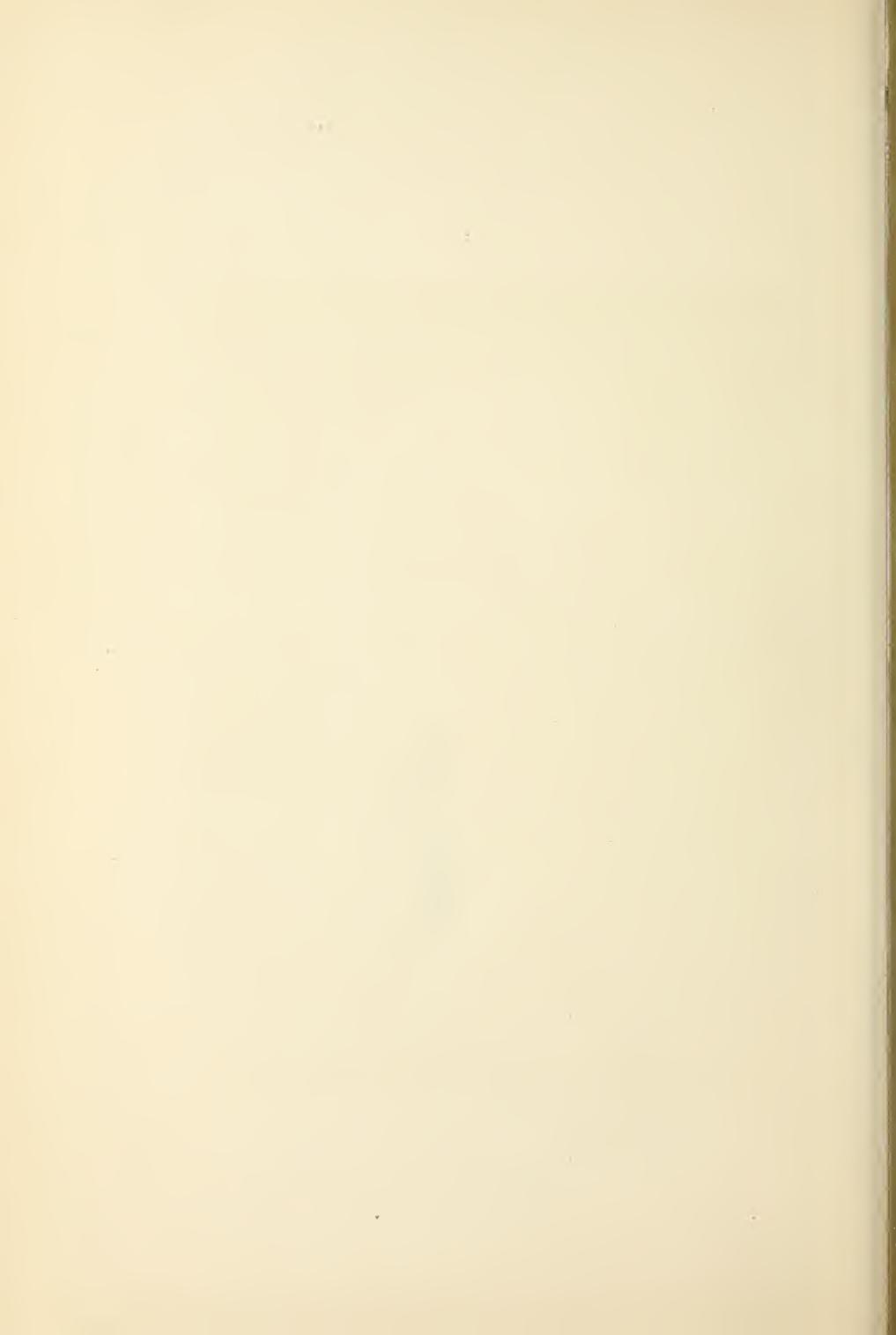
the old church on Church street is the old school building; continuing on we come to another old lean-to house owned by the Drapers and occupied by them; on the left an old store carried on by Aunt Betsey Draper. Continuing on this crooked road we pass another old lean-to house, owned and occupied by Ebenezer Corey, with wheelwright and blacksmith shop near by. The house stood on the spot where the Centre street end of the new stone church now stands, the barn, sheds and cow-yard where the rear end of the church and chapel now are; a little farther on to the right we come to an old house, with bakery attached, owned and occupied by three generations of Richardses; a little farther on to the left, opposite the Orthodox church, we come to the old tavern house once kept by Nathaniel Richards; continuing on down the hill on the right is another old lean-to house, which was owned and occupied by the late Judson Chapin and now owned by his family.

A few rods beyond Chapin's house is the old cemetery, where conspicuously you read on the stones the names of Draper, Colburn, Whiting, Richards, Billings, Corey, and Chapin, the last resting place of the old families of the neighborhood.

Next we come to the village store, Post office, West India goods, and loafing place, with dwelling house adjoining,—next an old house on the hill lately occupied by Benjamin Guild, now standing; next on the street was a shop with sign over the door “Lemuel Billings, Hatter,” with dwelling house in the rear, a part now standing. On the opposite side of the street was a shop with sign over the front door “Benjamin Billings, Leather Dresser and Breeches Maker,” with dwelling house beside it. Continuing on to the right was the Whiting tavern, and just beyond, under the buttonwood trees, was the old Whiting house recently torn down; directly opposite was the Rainwater Doctor’s house, the home of Theodore Parker while he lived in Roxbury; on the opposite corner of Shaw’s lane was another old lean-to house owned by Mr. Geo. R. Russell, and torn down by him. At the northerly corner of Spring and Centre streets, was formerly another old lean-to house, where William Mackintosh lived when he received his commission as Colonel of the 1st Suffolk regiment, and went from there to engage in the Revolutionary war. Continuing on up the hill, we come to another very old house owned for many years by the Davises and later by .



HENRY W. WELLINGTON.



the late John D. Colburn, now by Mr. Elisha C. Colburn. Moving on a mile or so another old lean-to house stood on a high bank on the left; on the right another very old house belonging to the late David Draper; continuing on to the left, over a part of the road for a long time disused, we come to a famous lean-to house owned by Drapers for many years, afterwards by the late Dr. Jeremy Stimson of Dedham. Passing on, crossing Mother brook and ascending the hill, we come to three little houses always occupied by colored people (Freemans and their descendants). Continuing on we come to Wigwam brook, running under the present railroad bridge and across the road, on the right stood the shop where the late Benjamin Bussey commenced business, making shoe and knee buckles, afterwards occupied by John D. Colburn for wool pulling and leather dressing. On the opposite side of the road stood an old house. Bearing to the right a short distance we come to a very old house owned and occupied by the Rev. Mr. Montague and his descendants, until demolished. A few steps brings us to Memorial Hall Square. It would be difficult to imagine a more crooked path between Boston and Dedham than this one of old time through Roxbury.

Up to the time of the city charter, Roxbury used to be designated in three sections, Roxbury Hill, Jamaica Plain and Spring street.

Roxbury Hill, from Boston to Hog Bridge; Jamaica Plain, from Hog Bridge to rear of the Bussey Estate; Spring Street, from Bussey Estate to Dedham line.

The first name known for this long winding road through Roxbury was Centre street with the exception of about a mile which passed by the old Second church and burying-ground, which was called Walter street, after the Rev. Nehemiah Walter, the first minister. The name Centre street continued until about 1855, when the selectmen, to compliment their chairman, Hon. Arthur W. Austin, voted to change the name to Austin street, and all the signboards so indicated until about 1863, when there sprung up a feeling that the street should resume its old time-honored name, and at a meeting of the selectmen the writer made a motion to change it back, the vote passed, and the old sign boards resumed their former places. Since the writer has known, Walter street and a half mile of the end of Weld street have been unused until recently, excepting when the abutters would pull off strips of Walter street and enclose

it as their own. Mr. Benjamin Bussey did his share of it and was allowed by the board of selectmen of Roxbury to set a good wall in the middle of the old sixty foot street in consideration of the many great improvements he made in both beautifying his extensive grounds, and the public streets. Mr. Elias Skinner was also very generous in enclosing and devoting a great deal of this old street to his own use without any equivalent whatever. The encroaching upon the streets of towns has been a prominent trait with many men.

Until within a few years there was a place at the crossing of the brook by the Dudley farm to drive through for watering purposes, another near Willow street, another one near Baker street, and another under the present railroad bridge in Dedham. The style of team before the railroad was built was usually a yoke of oxen, with a horse to lead. With patience and often with pride, the teamsters would walk beside their team from Sharon, Stoughton, Dedham, Walpole, and Dover, all the way into old Boston with their loads of wood, hoop-poles, charcoal and other products and return loaded with lumber, bricks, goods for the stores, and material for the various manufactories. Later, horse teams, mostly two,

sometimes three, or four, tandem, called string-teams, came into common use.



Brook Farm.

As Brook Farm is likely to be long remembered it will be interesting to know in what hands it has been since 1825.

1st. Mr. John Mayo owned it. He was an old fashioned farmer and butcher.

2nd. Mr. Charles Ellis cultivated it, and made it beautiful and productive at the same time.

3rd. The Brook Farm Association, famous in their day, next owned it, and for a time it drew many of the finest people in literary work about there.

4th. The City of Roxbury bought it for the poor at the time of the potato rot in Ireland, and when the noted ship fever raged among the emigrants, and used it for a number of years.

5th. After it had been idle some time and most of the buildings burned, for some unaccountable reason the Rev. James Freeman Clarke bought it,

paying twelve thousand dollars, and thus it stood when the civil war broke out; he at once offered it to Gov. Andrew for military purposes and there the splendid 2nd Mass. Regiment was encamped, afterwards to be the pride of the nation, and what else could it be with the choicest of the young men of Boston and vicinity filling its ranks? Soon after the war Mr. Clarke in delivering an address before the Norfolk Agricultural Society said that the only crop he ever raised that he was proud of was the 2nd Mass. Regiment.

6th. The well-known brewer, Geo. F. Burkhardt, bought it to establish a school for charitable purposes which has continued to the present time. I presume those that found it the hardest to till, were those comprising the old Brook Farm Association, composed as it was of the most cultivated people and also those of the humbler walks of life. It must have been hard for George Ripley, George William Curtis, and Nathaniel Hawthorne to have daily performed the commonest duties on the farm and for Mrs. Ripley and her associates to have daily attended to commonest household duties. There was one thing the farmers there succeeded admirably in doing. In the place where Mr. Charles

Ellis used to raise the finest herds-grass they, in three years, produced luxuriant bulrushes.

After most of the buildings had been deserted and burned, the last visible relic of the Brook Farm Association remaining that the writer knew was a worthy man who had seen better days, who came along one day with a load of fish, in a delapidated wagon, drawn by a shoe-less horse and called at the village blacksmith's to have him shod. He said to the smith, "Now sir I want you to shoe my horse for just as little money as possible, for you know that I am a poor gentleman."

It will be a surprise to most readers to know that the boundary stones of Dedham, Newton and Brookline were all within a half mile of the present West Roxbury Depot, as you go down Lagrange street, and Brook Farm used to be wholly in Newton.

